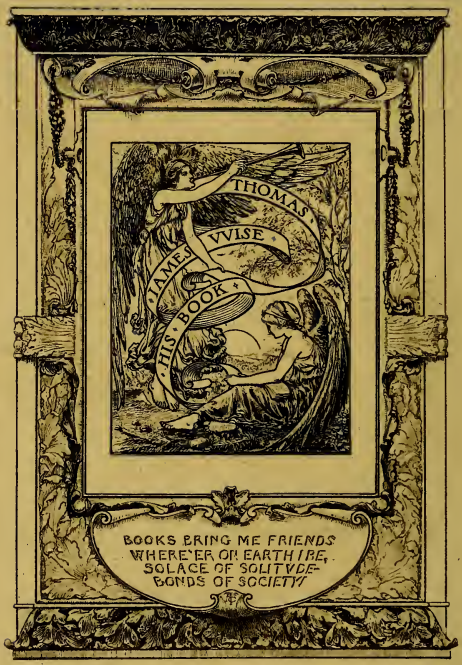
THOMAS
JAMES VVISE
HIS BOOK
BOOKS BRING ME FRIENDS
WHERE'ER ON EARTH I BE,
SOLACE OF SOLITVDE
BONDS OF SOCIETY

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THE

Genuine REJECTED ADDRESSES,

PRESENTED TO

THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT

FOR DRURY-LANE THEATRE;

PRECEDED BY THAT WRITTEN

BY LORD BYRON,

AND ADOPTED BY THE COMMITTEE.

LONDON:

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AND NUNN, GREAT QUEEN-STREET.

1812.

[*Price Six Shillings.*]

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INTRODUCTION.

THE history of the present Publication may be told in a few words. On the completion of the New Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, the Committee of Management published the following Advertisement:

REBUILDING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The Committee are desirous of promoting a fair and free Competition for an Address, to be spoken upon the opening of the Theatre, which will take place on the 10th of October next; they have therefore thought fit to announce to the Public, that they will be glad to receive any such Compositions, addressed to their Secretary at the Treasury Office in Drury-Lane, on or before the 10th of September, sealed up, with a distinguishing word, number, or motto, on the cover, corresponding with the inscription, on a separate sealed paper, containing the name of the Author, which will not be opened, unless containing the name of the successful Candidate.

Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane,
August 13, 1812.

Owing to an accidental delay in the publication of the above Advertisement, the Committee have thought proper to extend the time for receiving Addresses, from the last day of August, to the 10th of September.

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A number of Addresses, indeed a very great number, were accordingly tendered to their acceptance: one of these, in course, could alone be spoken, but there was no doubt at all that one of them would be adopted. Whether the greater Bards disdained competition; or whether they revolted from gratuitous verse; whether a subject so obvious led the Writers into obvious thoughts; or, lastly, whether the Minor Poets were too feeble to hit the giant expectations of the Committee, cannot be decided; but certainly that Learned Body pronounced, on reading, or *not* reading them, that for some reason or other, *all* the Addresses presented were objectionable. In this dilemma, they put themselves under the care of Lord Byron, who prescribed in their case a Composition, which bears the honour of his Name, and occupies the first place in the following Collection.

That such a preference should excite discontent, is very natural. In the first place, his Lordship's Poem had not been sent, had not been

written, in competition. It was not until the plebeian swarm of Candidates had been brushed aside, that his Lordship could be induced to bask in the full sunshine of Encouragement. The "Noble Childe" disdained to enter the lists with unknown Knights. Perhaps this was an error in judgment: he might have had no great reason for fear; but Competitors unknown it was not modest to despise. He might at last have said to the Committee—

> "If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
> "That like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
> "Flutter'd your Volscians at Corioli;
> "*Alone* I did it."

Yet, alas! there were some great names to sanctify his error; and so many of the Native Muses absented themselves, that we wonder at the number who are said to have struggled for the prize. They appear of all ages: FIFTEEN here "fleshes its maiden sword;" and SIXTY once more draws the weapon that was wont to conquer in the battle.

One Poet saw no reason why preference should

determine in the case. He thought that the Public might be indulged with a variety of Addresses. To open a Play-house, would thus resemble destroying a Ministry: the Theatre would be turned into a Gazette Office, and, in nightly succession, present them *all* from the Stage. Poor Mr. Elliston, among his numerous avocations, must have attended the Lectures of Von Feinagle, and studied, for his own ease, the new art of memory.

This project failing, a learned Writer, with Lucretius, finding a road to fame untried before, placed himself in the *Boxes* and his Son upon the *Stage*, and if the new Icarus could have borne the heat of the lamps, would have soared triumphantly beyond all his rivals. The Monologue of Dr. Busby, and the Unalogue of his Son, could not possibly be wanting in this Collection. Other Poets have been more gentle in their disappointment: they have only occupied a *Box* at the Theatre, and to a small circle of friends who were no wits, and wits who were no

friends, recited *themselves* the verses, which were denied the sonorous organ of the Actor.

However, to indulge all with an opportunity to appeal from the Committee to the Public, the Publisher by Advertisement called for Authentic Copies; and required nothing from his Contributors, but that they should be *Addresses really presented to the Committee.* The present Publication contains nearly all thus transmitted to him —some few did not appear seriously intended to be spoken: those he has ventured to omit. The Publisher is sensible that he had no right to play the Critic. Besides, the humblest Bard is sure of admirers. Every man is the hero of some happy, though narrow circle. PAN will always be the favourite of MIDAS.

In this serious and *authentic* Publication, it may be expected that some notice should be taken of the *pretended* "Rejected Addresses," recently published. The Authors are men of fancy, and possess very admirable powers of imitation.

There is an urbanity in their wit, which keeps it from offending; and a purity in their taste, which may even influence modern composition.

The Public has here, printed with accuracy, the GENUINE ADDRESSES presented to the Committee; each of them, at all events in the opinion of its Author, worthy to have been spoken at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre: it will certainly be amusing to compare them, and probably instructive. The most obvious exercise of the Critic will be, to see how far his expectations are realised. It is recorded of ADDISON's simile of the *Angel*, that Dr. MADDEN said—"If I had set ten school-boys to write on the Battle of Blenheim, and eight had brought me the Angel, I should not have been surprised." On the present occasion, every Reader will be on the look-out for the *Phœnix*, and assuredly he will not be disappointed: that rare bird has deigned to appear *frequently* in honour of the New Theatre.

But whatever a conflagration may suggest, particularly of a Play-house, it is not easy to

find exact propriety in *political* allusions. Yet the temptation to be applauded is so strong, and there are fortunately topics so secure, that he who expected a *Phœnix* may not be surprised to find a WELLINGTON. Indeed the fancy of either Patriot or Poet can have few happier visions than that, at no distant period, the Enemy being driven from Spain, and our suffering Ally confirmed in her Independence, the Hero who has accomplished so great a work, may return into the bosom of his country, and, surrounded by his family, listen to the virtuous applause of a liberal and grateful People!

It is unnecessary to prolong this Address upon Addresses. The Publisher had once intended to insert Dr. JOHNSON's lines on opening GARRICK's Theatre in the year 1747: but the thoughts derived from it will be often sufficiently obvious; and it is in the memories of most, and in the libraries of all. To be near to it in excellence is the highest praise; to be at a considerable distance from it, is not absolute disgrace.

Bow Street, Nov. 18, 1812.

ADDRESS,

WRITTEN BY LORD BYRON.

SPOKEN BY MR. ELLISTON.

IN one dread night our city saw, and sighed,
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and SHAKSPEARE cease to reign.
Ye who beheld—O sight, admir'd and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!—
Through clouds of fire, the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames;
While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,
Shrunk back appall'd, and trembled for their home;
As glared the volum'd blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own;
Till black'ning ashes and the lonely wall
Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall;
Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Rear'd, where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for SHAKSPEARE—worthy him and *you?*
Yes—it shall be—The magic of that name
Defies the scythe of Time, the torch of Flame;

On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*:—
This Fabric's birth attests the potent spell;
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*
As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers, may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your SIDDONS' thrilling art
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart;
On Drury, GARRICK'S latest laurels grew,
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu!
But still for living wit the wreathes may bloom
That only *waste* their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumb'ring Muse;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head,
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere GARRICK fled, or BRINSLEY ceas'd to write;
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry, as they of theirs.
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass,
To claim the scepter'd Shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imag'd shine
Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line:
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn;
Reflect how hard the task to rival them.

Friends of the Stage—to whom both Players and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise;
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbear to blame;
If e'er the sinking Stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend;
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And Censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's Laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplac'd applause;
So Pride shall doubly nerve the Actor's powers,
And Reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!

This greeting o'er—the ancient rule obey'd,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too—whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The Curtain rises—may our Stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!—
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please, long—long may *you* preside!

THE

Genuine REJECTED ADDRESSES.

ADDRESS,

Transmitted on the 8th September, 1812, to the Secretary of the Committee.

BY HORACE TWISS, ESQ.

WHILE wasting Time still spares th' Ephesian's fame,
Who burnt a temple to secure a name,
Be ours the safer glory to have chas'd
The fires of ruin from the shrines of Taste,
Restor'd the Muses to this fair domain,
And rear'd their Temple on its site again.

Here, not in vain, shall zeal and pious skill
Suggest reform for antiquated ill:
The Child of Merit, whosoe'er he be,
Shall find the worship and the altar free,
And thicker laurels, strengthening as they twine,
Shall climb round every shaft, and bloom on every shrine.

Yet, since the Drama, mould it as we may,
Must catch its colour from the passing day:

Since fashions prosper but as you decree,
And what you make the Stage, the Stage will be:—
You, with a firm resolve, must share our task,
And work, yourselves, the great reform you ask.
The reign of noise and show will soon be o'er,
When noise and show shall please the Town no more;
But, while your practice puts your creed to shame,
And you still follow most what most you blame,
Vain is our toil.—Thus, Plays and Play'rs debase
Nature to trick, and Passion to grimace;
Horses and Horsemen hunt the Drama down,
And our best Roscius is a clever Clown.

But most repress, if you would mend the Stage,
The hypercritic humour of the age:
Seek not from Genius more than Genius can,
Nor ask perfection of imperfect man.
Your fierce improvers overstep their end,
And mar as much as milder critics mend;
For the free Muse beholds with jealous eyes
These overwhelming aristocracies,
Disdains to stoop her flight at their command,
And, like the stork, deserts the slavish land.

View'd through the fogs which darkling pedants raise,
The realms of taste may seem a barren maze;
But the just Critic, like the cloudless day,
Shows the fair landscape in its true array,
Clears the thin rack, unveils th' ethereal blue,
And warms the distance to a brighter hue,
Till the full prospect bursts upon the sight,
Glows in its native tints, and kindles into light.

Then let not cavillers henceforth teach the Town,
Who think all wit degen'rate,—but their own,—
And stern of heart, though impotent of head,
To damn the living, deify the dead.
The tide of Genius, since the world began,
Pours its perennial streams as first they ran,
Reflecting still, in every age and clime,
The body, form, and pressure, of the time.
Oh! trouble not its course, nor choak its bed;
Free let it gush, as at the fountain head,
And roll for ever, through these favour'd lands,
Its fertilizing waves and golden sands!

ADDRESS,

Sent to the Committee.

In every clime, to Art and Learning known,
Where'er the Muse has fix'd her sacred throne,
In every civiliz'd and polish'd age,
Genius has beam'd its radiance from the Stage.
In early Greece, while Science yet was young,
Her aim uncertain, and unform'd her tongue,
The vent'rous Bard his Tragic song essay'd,
And call'd the Passions to the Muse's aid:
'Twas then the wrongs of Pelops' scepter'd line,
The woes of Thebes, the tale of Troy divine,
Wrought into action by Dramatic art,
Assail'd the breast, and wrung the tortur'd heart.
To aid the force of sentiment and thought,
Each sister Art her soft illusion brought;
Whate'er to fancy or to taste belong,
Music and painting, pantomime and song.
O'er the new scene enraptur'd nations hung,
With loud distress the tearful circle rung;
Exulting Virtue hail'd the mournful hour,
And Nature's self confess'd the poet's power.
With equal hopes, on that propitious land,
In frolic mood, Thalia took her stand,
With nicest touches, happiest comic vein,
While Ridicule and Satire join'd her train;

Her motley scenes and characters she drew,
And shot each rising folly as it flew.
Season'd with Attic salt each sprightly jest
Of wit and humour every form exprest;
At life, and manners, aim'd her pointed dart,
Play'd round the fancy and improv'd the heart;—
'Twas thus in Greece, to truth and nature just,
The sock and buskin held their sacred trust.
But soon—too soon, alas! their Empire fled!
The scenic Muses hung the captive head;
From Greece transplanted to Imperial Rome,
Of other Arts they met the general doom.
Virtue and Nature now no more their choice,
Despotic sway soon still'd their gen'rous voice:
At length, by Goth and Vandal overthrown,
Prostrate they fell beneath the prostrate throne.
By barb'rous foes then crush'd from age to age,
Genius and Wit were exiled from the Stage;
While dull moralities, and tedious rhymes,
And monkish mysteries amus'd the times;
Feudal and Papal tyranny combin'd,
And each enslav'd the body or the mind;
Fierce Superstition her dark flag unfurl'd,
And priests and despots rul'd the abject world.
But hold—what bright'ning gleams pierce thro' the night!
What glorious vision strikes my dazzled sight!
What magic sounds my ravish'd ear delight!
From Avon's banks the gorgeous pageant moves,
From Avon's banks the swelling music roves;

And see—where sits enthron'd above the rest,
A Bard sublime, in various pictur'd vest.
And now he strikes the lyre—and hark! the strain,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth again,
In every varied tone of joy, or grief,
O'erwhelms the mind, or instant brings relief.
Furies and fiends the glittering pomp precede,
And air-wrought forms above all mortal creed:
With blood-stain'd hands, a dagger, and a bowl,
Terror, and pity overawe the soul;
While round his car the antic sports are seen,
The Loves and Graces, with their laughing Queen:
Fancy and Fiction wave their vagrant wings;
With shouts and cries each hill and valley rings;
Triumphant Fame proclaims th' immortal Bard,
And rival nations own her just award.

Yes, on this spot, to British Genius dear,
Oft has our SHAKSPEARE drawn the willing tear;
Oft have his comic strokes, and lively jest,
Eas'd of its load the melancholy breast.
Of Grecian song no more let pedants tell,
While Albion's Bards their boasted scenes excell:
This night, to prove the bold assertion true,
With heartfelt pleasure we appeal to you;
This night, once more, whilst you in judgment sit,
We court your taste with native English wit.

By wasteful flames our Theatre destroy'd,
Long have you sigh'd for scenes you once enjoy'd:
Long in its ruins our Apollo slept,
While Art and Genius o'er its ashes wept.

Sacred to Mirth, and true Dramatic fame,
Again it stands, another and the same.
Be yours the task—with candour to decide;
Impartial Critics—still with Genius side:
And, while our ancient standard stores you prize,
Bid other OTWAYS, ROWES, and CONGREVES rise;
Mere farce, or idle shows appear no more,
And London be, what Athens was before.

ADDRESS,

Sent to the Committee on the 9th Sept. 1812.

BY ANNA,

A YOUNG LADY IN THE FIFTEENTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

BEFORE a British Audience I appear—
Then whence this feeling of unfounded fear?
Yet still I tremble while on you I gaze,
Dreading your censure, anxious for your praise.
But flatt'ring Hope dispels each rising fear,
And bids me plead an humble suppliant here.
Upon your well-known mercy I rely;
For mercy beams in each true Briton's eye.
Fortune herself has mark'd th' eventful year,
When on these boards we should again appear:
For now has Fate on Britain sweetly smil'd,
And look'd propitious on old Ocean's Child;
Has bade each sorrow, each complaint, be o'er,
And clad her brighter than she was before,
In Glory's robe, which Vict'ry's self has spun,
And Fame commanded that it should be done:
Recal each brave, and each immortal deed,
And every conquest that kind Fate decreed
To crown our arms, and raise our name so high,
That Britain's glory was the only cry:
But not alone—for yet another name
Was loudly blazon'd by the voice of Fame;

She spoke triumphant of the vict'ry won,
And gaz'd delighted on her fav'rite Son:
"Honour him, Britons!" was her high command;
And he *was* honor'd by a grateful land.
'Twas Glory forc'd upon the world's wide stage,
The greatest Hero of the modern age:
He left his native land at Honour's call,
To fight—to conquer—or, like WOLFE, to fall!
'Twas Valour led him, with resistless force,
To run a glorious, an eventful course.
Soon as Mars' crimson standard was unfurl'd,
He fought—the wonder of a gazing world!
And whilst each Briton feels his soul on fire,
Our new-born Phœnix rises to admire.
Once more our fabric rears its lofty head,
Tho' long it slumber'd with the silent dead.
Should WELLINGTON e'er grace our new-rais'd dome,
How will *we* welcome the brave Hero home!
Strain every nerve our gratitude to show
To him who triumph'd o'er the Gallic foe!
Britons would hail him on his native shore,
And party-spirit should exist no more.
And now we'll strive your plaudits to obtain,
Amply rewarded if your smiles we gain;
We'll try the Tragic and the Comic lay,
To cheer the ev'ning of a winter's day;
Nature's wide page with SHAKSPEARE we'll explore,
And former Heroes shall be seen once more;
Virtue, all simple in its ancient form,
Will cheer each heart, and ev'ry bosom warm;

And Vice, depicted in its natural hue,
Shall make you shudder, and detest it too.
And should success our ardent efforts crown,
Our thanks in ev'ry action shall be shown.
Through inadvertence, should we e'er offend,
Forgive the error, and remain our friend;
Remember still th' immortal Poet's line:
" To err, is human—to forgive, divine!"

ADDRESS,

Sent to the Committee, August 31, 1812.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS FITZ-GERALD, ESQ.

WHEN wrapt in flames, terrific to the sight,
Old Drury perish'd in one fatal night,
The troubled shade of GARRICK, hovering near,
Dropt on the burning pile a pitying tear!
For oft, permitted from the realms above,
Departed Spirits watch the place they love.
Rising from ruins, purified by fire,
Behold our renovated Fane aspire
To hold the Drama's mirror to mankind,
Reform the morals, and improve the mind!
In earlier days, offended Wisdom sigh'd
At Wit deprav'd, and Talents misapplied;
When grossest ribaldry in Charles's reign,
Encourag'd Vice, and gave fair Virtue pain;
For brightest Wit became its own disgrace,
That rais'd a blush on Beauty's modest face!
Licentious Plays debauch'd—the Actors too,
They copied manners which their Authors drew,
Then, like chameleons, took the tainted hue:
Hence gloomy bigots vilify the Stage,
And hand the libel down from age to age.
But yet the Drama, rightly understood,
Promotes the private and the public good;

With noblest ardour warms ingenuous youth,
To tread the paths of Virtue, Honour, Truth;
And points where Hist'ry gives to deathless fame,
The Statesman's counsels, and the Hero's name;
Proving, when love of country fades away,
That nations hasten to assur'd decay!
And purer ethics ne'er were taught by sage,
Than what abound in SHAKSPEARE'S moral page.
That mighty master of the human heart,
Bids every Briton act the Patriot's part;
Bids him, obedient to his country's call,
Bear on his shield defiance to the Gaul;
And, plum'd in Liberty's immortal crest,
Wage war with Tyrants to relieve th' Opprest;
For, still unfetter'd as his native wave,
A Briton's birthright is to scorn a slave!
  Long may this Fabric flourish, and withstand
Devouring flames, and Time's corroding hand!
Here shall be placed, and fear no second fire,
The Muse's records, and *Apollo*'s lyre!
GENIUS, unaided by a patron's name,
May here commence his free career of fame;
No favour'd rival shall his course impede,
No envy rob him of the public meed;
But all the vot'ries of the Drama's cause
Be rul'd, like Britons, by impartial Laws.

ADDRESS,

Presented to the Committee.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

ONCE more the Scenic Muse beholds a dome
Rais'd on the spot so long her fav'rite home:
Where Genius may her honour'd trophies rear,
And Wit and Satire in her train appear;
Wit that can Folly awe, and Vice appal,
Satire with pointed shafts, but free from gall;
Humour, who now his broad luxuriance tries,
Now slyly lurks in Irony's disguise;
Terror, that proudest Guilt must shudd'ring hear,
And sacred Pity, with her chast'ning tear:
All, all, a lib'ral shelter here may find,
Since all but aim to meliorate mankind.

Hail! mighty Shade of Him whose pow'r could scan
The lowest deeps and noblest heights of man,
Whose works his genuine character shall trace,
'Till the vast whole dissolves in empty space:
Oh! may thy Spirit o'er the dome preside—
Be thou the Guardian Genius and the Guide;
So may th' admiring world with rapture see
Each Drama realiz'd as form'd by thee;
So may th' embody'd wonders of thy page
Inspire new Bards with emulative rage;
So Reason may in Pleasure's garb beguile,
Alike ennobling ev'ry tear and smile.

Then shall the Stage, mild supplement to Law,
The heart to just and kind affections draw;
Then Truth with Taste and Fancy shall combine,
The Passions to controul, exalt, refine,
'Till they delighted bend at Virtue's hallow'd shrine.

ADDRESS,

BY ALICIA LEFANU.

In ancient times, when Greece and Rome bore sway
By turns, the Drama bless'd their golden day;
And when she ceas'd on classic realms to smile,
She fix'd her home in Britain's happier Isle.
Yet, here she mourn'd her late suspended reign;
The Arts o'erwhelm'd that form'd her festive train.
When the fierce flames that sweeping far and wide,
Consum'd her Temple's gay Theatric pride,
Drank, in their course, the sweet Parnassian dews
That cherish'd every flower of every Muse,
The grateful cloud of votive incense chas'd
That Genius offers at the shrine of Taste.
Arabia thus, to grace her Phœnix, yields
The gather'd fragrance of a thousand fields,
And, when he sinks beneath th' ascending fire,
Flow'rs, gums and odours, in his Tomb expire.
Not long condemn'd to droop, the praises due,
To-night the grateful Muse awards to you.
A generous Public bids our Drama live,
And Shakspeare's glories with her own revive.
Lord of the Captive Spirit! had the lyre
In later times arous'd thy Muse of fire,
How would that soul have soar'd on rapture's wing,
As rose the deeds thy country bade thee sing!

Than Bosworth, Agincourt, a nobler strain
Almeida's field, or Salamanca's plain.
Thy page no more enrich'd with triumphs rude
Of selfish conquest, or domestic feud,
But, first to hail Britannia's righteous sword,
Her conquering hosts in Freedom's rescue pour'd,
O'er the dread scene her thund'ring terrors hurl'd,
The Actors, Kings; their Theatre, the World.
And shall not scenes like these some Bard incline
Once more to emulate our SHAKSPEARE'S line?
Believe it, Hope! the future Stage shall glow
With Heroes' triumphs, and with Tyrants' woe,
Till e'en the Muse shall own her power too weak,
Her country's pride, her country's love to speak.
For, not the Poet's most enchanting lay
The Warrior's toils, his sufferings, can repay;
A grateful Country can alone award
The meed of glory to her patriot guard.
The smiles of Britons light the path to fame,
The smiles of Britons merits proudest aim;
These tempt the Hero distant wars to wage,
And cheer our efforts on an humbler Stage.

Brâma assâi, póco spèra e núlla chiêde.

ADDRESS,

BY C. T.

In earliest ages, ere mankind began
To taste the wisdom of enlighten'd man,
When mortals felt no pride but to be brave,
And knew no laws save those which Nature gave,
The Stage arose; then Music lent her aid—
Such charms as music in that day display'd:—
Rude artless themes inspir'd a barb'rous age,
And Song and Gesture were the earliest Stage.
Soon as fair Science shed her hopeful ray,
And Learning beam'd on Man a brighter day,
The Stage assum'd a more exalted grace,
Then ruder scenes to more refin'd gave place:
The Muse arose the mistress of the Stage,
And pour'd her lessons to the list'ning age:
Monarchs were taught the glory to be great,
And learnt to tremble at the tyrant's fate;
Brave people learnt the virtue to obey,
And liv'd in peace beneath their monarch's sway.
So shone the Muse, and flourish'd first in Greece,
Her pride in war, her fairest charm in peace;
On those free shores while Arts and Learning reign'd,
The Goddess, pleas'd, her happy sway maintain'd;
But when, their virtues with their freedom dead,
Declining Science droop'd her lovely head,

The Muse indignant felt her charm was o'er,
And fled for ever from the Grecian shore:
Long ages thence in tedious dullness pass'd,
Beheld the world with silent gloom o'ercast;
Learning no more essay'd her former reign,
And barb'rous nations woo'd the Muse in vain:
Till, proud to find, amidst surrounding gloom,
A spot, where Science burst her hated tomb,
Once more the Muse assum'd her ancient smile,
And fix'd her empire in Britannia's Isle.
Here, doom'd for ever in their works to live,
And heav'n-taught truths to future ages give,
Poets, inspir'd from high, have dar'd to soar,
The Muse their guide, through paths untried before:
Here too have ris'n, and every age has felt
The graceful charms their magic influence dealt,
A favour'd race, whose pow'rs could well express
Arts heighten'd scenes in Nature's purest dress:
Those charm'd the sense, and taught the wond'ring breast,
And these enforc'd the truths that those express'd:
Hence our brave youth have caught the gen'rous flame,
That urg'd them on to conquest and to fame;
Hence too our fair, by Nature grac'd before,
Have felt their charms adorn'd by virtue more.
Britons, be worthy still the Muse's care;
Ye British Youth, be brave; be chaste, ye Fair;
Still let it be the Drama's nobler part,
To teach the moral that improves the heart;
Full in your lives the fair impression shine,
Glow in each breast, and stamp the work divine:

So shall the Muse, exulting, smile to see
Our race illustrious, as our shores are free!
View manners change, and fashions flutter by,
But bid the BRITISH DRAMA never die!

ANOTHER ADDRESS,

BY THE SAME.

WHILE years revolving sweep the human race,
And each retiring scene to new gives place;
While ev'ry age, despising still the last,
Improves, refines, or renovates the past;
See manners, customs, fashions, pass away,
And bend alike to Time's all-powerful sway;—
So too, the mirror of the world, the Stage,
Must yield in turn, and change with ev'ry age.
If Vice triumphant rears her ghastly train,
And uncontroul'd the darker passions reign,
Their baneful influence thro' the world diffuse,
And rouse the anger of th' indignant Muse,
Scornful and sad, she pours the serious tale;
She bids the scenes of Tragedy prevail,
In all their blackest hues pourtray mankind,
And fix their gloomy moral on the mind:
If lighter faults prevail, which still demand
The chast'ning rod, but from a gentler hand,
The Comic Muse asserts her lively sway,
Her aim, the reigning foibles of the day,
With Wit and Satire decks the sprightly scene,
Fearlessly just, yet not unjustly keen,

Displays the follies of the world to view,
And clothes her moral in a fairer hue.
At this proud æra, when fair Fortune's smile
Show'rs down her blessings on this favour'd Isle,
What Briton's bosom burns not, as he reads,
To mark the Conq'ror's fame, his matchless deeds;
And does not then the glowing Muse, inspire
Feelings like these, and fan the gen'rous fire?
Who sees the Tragic Hero, nobly brave,
In honour's path, despising e'en the grave,
But feels the flame within his bosom rise,
While yet the graceful tear adorns his eyes,
Pants for the hero's lot, the hero's praise,
And longs to share the scene he now surveys?
Britons, reflect; this spot that meets your view,
In modern garb array'd and colours new,
Was once Old Drury; here in former days
Great GARRICK sought and won your fathers' praise.
Tho' GARRICK breathe not still, yet those survive
To keep the Drama's magic pow'rs alive,
Whose talents well may paint in colours true,
As pleasing scenes as ever Fancy drew:
Misfortune laid the mighty mansion low,
And made this scene of joy a scene of woe;
Unwearied toil, with zealous care applied,
Have deck'd the spot in all its former pride:
Long may it flourish, grac'd with Albion's smile,
A sister glory of this matchless Isle;
Unshaken stand, surmounting ev'ry ill,
And live in future days *Old Drury* still.

ADDRESS,

BY T. J. Z. Z.

In early times, when first the Muse's tongue
Essay'd its pow'rs—ere yet our SHAKESPEARE sung—
The Drama cheer'd and taught the rising age,
And moral truths were welcom'd from the Stage.
Then Sacred Writ gave ample food for fire
To warm the painting, or to tune the lyre;
The Arts (tho' rude) essay'd each skilful pow'r,
To cheat life's sense of evil fortune's low'r:
Time's uncheck'd wing has brighten'd up the flame,
And stamp'd the Drama with a favor'd name.
Aspiring Genius still pursues the plan,
And Time completes the weak attempts of Man:
Hence lib'ral Patrons, from a dreary waste,
Have rear'd this Temple to the God of Taste;
Again a Drury soars to meet the light,
And all the building bursts upon the sight.

[*Pointing to the Scene—an Exterior View of the Theatre.*]

Lo! once again beneath the new-rais'd dome,
The School of Genius, and the Muses' home;
Rous'd is the music of the dormant lyre,
Rear'd are the walls laid low by awful fire:
And he who strove this edifice to raise,
May well be said to have deserv'd our praise;

He who two characters can aptly blend,
At once his Country's and the Muse's friend*,
With strongest feelings of the heart impress'd,
(Hard to describe, and *hardly* to be guess'd)
I come, I hope, to meet what always tends
To foster Genius—*Ancient Drury*'s friends,
The Drama's Patrons; who will fan the flame
Shall light *New Drury* to the paths of fame:
So shall the dormant wing of Talent spread,
And rouse with joy its young, but timid head;
So modest Merit share the envied smile,
And Genius' Sun shine bright on Britain's Isle:
Long may you foster all its genuine rays,
Those sparks which ne'er consume with strength of blaze!
Arriv'd once more in one united force,
Well arm'd on foot—we need no *troops of horse.*
Yet, in attempts to please the varying Town,
We strive to hunt no favor'd follies down:
Candour and judgment our defenders still,
We leave our conduct to the lib'ral quill.
Again we meet, and ev'ry fear defy,
Prepar'd (as you applaud) to *live* or *die.*
Here on this spot (where many a Muse has soar'd
To gain your favor on the tragic board)
Shall weeping still MELPOMENE be seen,
As well gay Comus and the Comic Queen;
And as the magic scene shall pass review,
We *rest* our claims, with confidence on *you.*

* Mr. Whitbread.

While lib'ral Sons of this our wave-bound Isle
On worth and valour deign to cast a smile,
Who but would still the glorious thought pursue
Of deathless laurels, ever green and new?
True patriot warmth sustains the manly breast,
And British Courage stands by all confess'd.
Old England's foes have long essay'd in vain
Their boasted valour on the shores of Spain;
Tho' Britain mourns her gallant NELSON dead,
And MOORE and ABERCROMBY'S Spirits' fled;
E'en while she thus each valiant name deplores,
Still has she Heroes left to guard her shores:
The rights of Spain are now Britannia's care,
The cause is just—and WELLINGTON is there!
While arms are thus a grateful nation's pride,
The laurel crown the Arts may still divide.
To gain your smile, our efforts we renew,
For all our pleasure lies in pleasing you;
And hence our cause with confidence we trust—
For Britain's Sons are liberal and just.

MONOLOGUE,

BY DR. BUSBY.

WHEN energizing objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot do?
A magic Edifice you here survey,
Shot from the ruins of the other day!
As Harlequin had smote the slumberous heap,
And bade the rubbish to a fabric leap.
Yet at the speed you'd never be amazed,
Knew you the zeal with which the pile was rais'd:
Nor ever here your smiles would be represt,
Knew you the rival flame that fires our breast.
Flame! fire and flame! sad, heart-appalling sounds,
Dread metaphors, that ope our healing wounds—
A sleeping pang awake—and—But away
With all reflections that would cloud the day
That this triumphant, brilliant prospect brings;
Where Hope reviving, re-expands her wings;
Where generous joy exults—where duteous ardour springs.
Oft on these boards we've proved—No, not these boards—
Th' exalting sanction your applause affords;
Warm'd with the fond remembrance, every nerve
We'll strain, the future honour to deserve:
Give the great work our earnest, strenuous hand,
And (since new tenements new brooms demand)

Rich novelty explore; all merit prize,
And court the living talents as they rise:
Th' illustrious dead revere—yet hope to show,
That modern bards with ancient genius glow.
Sense we'll consult e'en in our farce and fun,
And without *steeds* our *patent stage* shall run;
Self-actuated whirl—nor you deny,
While you're transported, that you gaily fly;
Like Milton's chariot, that it lives—it feels—
And races from the spirit in the wheels.
If mighty things with small we may compare,
This spirit drives Britannia's conquering car,
Burns in her ranks—and kindles every Tar.
NELSON displayed its power upon the main,
And WELLINGTON exhibits it in Spain;
Another MARLBOROUGH points to Blenheim's story,
And with its lustre blends his kindred glory.
In Arms and Science long our Isle hath shone,
And SHAKSPEARE—wond'rous SHAKSPEARE—rear'd a throne
For British Poesy—whose powers inspire
The British pencil and the British lyre.
Her we invoke!—her sister Arts implore;
Their smiles beseech whose charms yourselves adore.
These, if we win, the Graces too we gain,—
Their dear belov'd, inseparable train;
Three who their witching airs from Cupid stole,
And Three acknowledged sovereigns of the soul;
Harmonious throng! with nature blending art;
Divine Sestetto! warbling to the heart:
For Poesy shall here sustain the upper part.

Thus lifted, gloriously we'll sweep along,
Shine in our music, scenery, and song;
Shine in our farce, masque, opera, and play,
And prove Old Drury has not had her day.
Nay more—to stretch the wing, the world shall cry,
Old Drury never, never soared so high!
" But hold," you'll say, " this self-complacent boast;
Easy to reckon thus without your host."
True, true—that lowers at once our mounting pride;
'Tis your's alone our merit to decide;
'Tis our's to look to you—you hold the prize
That bids our great, our best ambition rise.
A double blessing your rewards impart,
Each good provide, and elevate the heart,
Our twofold feeling owns its twofold cause:
Your bounty's comfort—rapture, your applause;
When in your fostering beam you bid us live,
You give the means of life, and gild the means you give.

UNALOGUE,

BY. G. F. BUSBY, ESQ.

YE social energies that link mankind
In golden bands—as potent as refin'd!
That bid the precious tear of pity start,
Exalt the genius, purify the heart,
Thrill with fine touch the chords of Campbell's lyre;
Nerve Valour's arm, and Wisdom's self inspire;
Guide Albion's force beyond the Southern main,
And plead so mightily for injur'd Spain;
Point each diviner impulse of the soul,
And work in individual for the whole—
Now be your power exerted—*Here* confest—
Move in a British cause the British breast,
And hail your grandest triumph and your best;
They come! they come! above, below, around,
Soft voices breathe, and sweet responses sound:
Consenting murmurs melodize the air,
Thrill through my ravish'd breast, and echo there!
Britons, your candid audience we beseech—
List to a Briton's plain, but honest speech:
No Actor now laboriously essays
To rouse your passions, and extort your praise:
No mimic anguish bids your eyes o'erflow,
No mimic raptures teach your breasts to glow:
Such arts we scorn, superior ends demand
Superior means, and *these* we now command;
Keep Truth, keep Nature, full within our view—
And once do justice to ourselves, and—you.

Too long hath Native Genius been obscur'd,
French *froth* and German *rant* too long endur'd;
Too long, a vicious appetite to pamper,
Britain's Thalia suffer'd Farce to cramp her.
Divine MELPOMENE a transient ray
Beam'd—in *Alfonso* beam'd—and past away.
Then giddy Harlequin and senseless Clown,
Rush'd forth; and bore all opposition down—
Rush'd grinning Pantaloon, and motley Fool,
Drove Sense away, and sway'd with mad mis-rule:
Burlesque and Melo-Drame usurp'd the Stage,
And wild monstrosity was all the rage!

Against these rude invaders now we make
A firm decisive stand for Britain's sake—
For Britain's sake—for shall the land that gave
A SHAKSPEARE birth, become the Drama's grave?
No! by his sacred manes now we swear,
(And call on *you* the patriot task to share)
To root these rank abuses from our scene,
And show the world what England's Stage hath been;
To bid *contemporary* genius shine,
Cast off his shroud, and reign by *right divine:*
Dare in *his* cause and *your*'s stand forth *alone,*
Mingle his sacred interests with our own,
Here fight his battle, and *here* fix his throne!
Thus, if with our's your breasts shall sympathize,
Shall other SHAKSPEARES, OTWAYS, CONGREVES rise;
Nature and Truth resume their ravish'd sway,
And Wit, exulting, hail the new-born day.

36, Queen-Ann-street West,
Cavendish-square.

ADDRESS.

"*Delectando pariterque Monendo.*"

"All the World's a stage——
"One wide, and universal Theatre!"

SHAKSPEARE.

SHROUDED in gloom, when frozen whirlwinds sweep
Their dread career athwart the trackless deep;
When round the fated bark loud thunders roll,
And echoing horrors daunt the firmest soul,
Red lightnings quiver through the stormy blast,
Flame o'er the deck, or rive the bending mast:—
What terrors then appal the seaman's heart,
When from his breast life's fondest hopes depart,
Whilst ocean's billows sound his parting knell,
Check the last pray'r,—and drown his last farewell!
But if some pitying Angel whisper peace—
Calm the rude waves, and bid the tempest cease;
Explore a pathway through unruffled seas,
And swell the canvass with a favoring breeze;
What transport then must throb in every vein,
As Memory views his long-lov'd home again.
The past is fled!—Our shipwreck's peril o'er,
What sun-bright prospects tint the opening shore;
Each toil forgot,—no longer doom'd to roam,
Propitious Fortune greet the Wanderers *home!*
And proudly now,—to native feeling true,
We hail the hour that bids us—*welcome you!*

When *Drury's Turrets,* wrapp'd in wasting flame,
Sunk to the dust her glories and her fame;
As from some watch-tower's height the burning levin,
Spreads its red glare o'er all the vault of Heav'n;
The fiery torrent burst its awful light,
With tenfold horrors 'midst the gloom of night:
Whilst anxious, fear-struck crowds with silent gaze,
Beheld from far the mighty fragments blaze;
Through clouds of smoke, saw Fate's pale column rise,
And flash its terrors to the midnight skies—
Oh! say what griefs bade every bosom swell,
When hurl'd to earth—the last dread ruin fell!

Restor'd once more to meet her *Sister Pile,*
Our rival Fabric courts your plaudit smile;
The Drama's Ensign once again unfurl'd
On this,—our mimic mirror of the world,
With dazzling radiance from his "*cloud-capp'd*" tomb,
Britain's own SHAKSPEARE shall our Stage illume;
Shall live,—with wreaths of deathless laurel twin'd,
'Till fading nature—"*leaves no wreck behind!*"
In sable stole array'd, with tearful mien,
The WEEPING MUSE shall tread our pageant scene;
And smiling COMEDY in lighter strain,
Give to the world its fleeting forms again:
Pour on each list'ning ear the 'raptur'd lay,
Or blithe and cheerful,—laugh your cares away,
With equal force their varied pow'rs impart,
To charm the feelings, or to soothe the heart.
But weak the efforts of each SISTER MUSE,
If partial friends their fostering aid refuse;

In vain may *Drury's Genius* plead our cause,
Without the sanction of your kind applause:
Yet flattering Hope awaits the boon we sue,
Our proudest wishes all repose on YOU!—
For as the *Lybian Bird* in flame expires,
To rise more glorious from extinguished fires;
As the young PHŒNIX wings his daring flight,
And soars triumphant to the realms of light;
Rear'd from its ashes, bright APOLLO'S *Fane*
Lifts to the skies its tow'ring walls again;
Approv'd by *You!*—ART hails the proud design,
Her incense blazes on the Thespian shrine;
Unclouded splendors gleam around its dome—
And star-crown'd SCIENCE greets—the MUSE'S HOME!

T.

F. C. S.
8th September, 1812.

ADDRESS,
BY JOSEPHUS.

WHAT time the fierce Barbarian sallied forth,
In search of conquest from the frigid North,
Where'er he mov'd destruction mark'd his road,
And flames encompass'd Learning's fair abode.
The pious labours of the rev'rend sage,
The poet's volume, and historic page,
Shar'd the wide ruin of the ruthless host,
Till e'en the ashes in the wreck were lost.
But soon to cherish Science, and restore
The wonted energy of classic lore,
Some great Augustus, or Mæcenas sprung,
The theme of ev'ry pen, and praise of ev'ry tongue.
The scene we tread with awful joy to-night,
(Where once immortal GARRICK gave delight,
And plaudits thunder'd) was the primal court
Of grave *Melpomene*, and chief resort
Of Comedy's gay Queen: through Britain's Isle,
No spot so oft enjoy'd her cheering smile.
Her faithful mirror here expos'd to view
Each mode, or vice, or virtue, as it grew;
Until, besieg'd by fire's subduing pow'r,
The dome, descending at the midnight hour,
Spread ruin round! sent forth a tow'ring blaze,
And bade the injur'd eyeball cease to gaze.
The Tragic Muse, amid the smoking pile,
Sat wrapt in sorrow, and the 'custom'd smile

Forsook the Comic Dame, as scatter'd round,
She saw the burning reliques press the ground.
Amaz'd *Apollo*, from Olympus' height,
Beheld the varying sheet of living light,
With one rude effort burst the massy dome,
And hurl his image to the fiery tomb.
As hapless husbandmen near Ætna's foot,
Who till the soil, or raise the shelt'ring hut,
Behold a flood of liquid fire descend,
And in its torrent all their treasures blend;
The Actor thus, who toil'd for bread or fame,
Saw his fair prospect wither in the flame,
And, driv'n for shelter to an humbler stage,
For Drury mourn'd, the envy of the age!
The vestal lamp, the truncheon, rack and wheel,
The baneful goblet, and the murd'rous steel,
The bolt of Jove, the Pilgrim's cross and bead,
The tomb of Capulet, and Yorick's head,
The mask, and motley wardrobe of the Clown,
The Judge's ermine, and the Monarch's crown,
The magic wand, the Lictor's axe and rods,
And prostrate altars of an hundred gods,
Form'd one rude heap;—when Britain's Patriot Chief
Smil'd on the mass, and sooth'd the Muses' grief;
Around him power, and wealth, and genius press'd,
Till, Phœnix-like, they rear'd Old Drury's crest.
Fair junior sister of religious zeal,
Pure Patriotism, guard the public weal,
Extinguish Discord's torch, avert each blow
By native traitor aim'd, or distant foe,

Against the freedom of these fav,ur'd Isles,
And Arts and Learning cherish with thy smiles.
Wrest from the bigot the coercive sword,
With which he slaughters man, to please the Lord.
Employ the idle, give the helpless rest,
And let the vet'ran's closing scene be blest;
Soothe the sad widow and the orphan child,
On whom in other days abundance smil'd.
Let Peace, with honour gain'd, around our shores
The swelling canvass crowd, and lab'ring oars;
Let useless sabres, sheath'd in fruitful soil,
With fair increase reward the peasant's toil;
Let each succeeding reign Augustan prove,
And each Mæcenas share both Prince and People's love.

[*Turning towards the Stage.*]

Withdraw the veil, which hides the honour'd names
Of those who rescu'd Drury from the flames.

[*Here a Curtain rises, and shows the Tragic and Comic Muses, supporting a large Scroll, on which they and the Audience may read the names of the* Regent, Whitbread, Holland, Bedford, Coombe, *and other Patrons of the Theatre.*]

Vain were the efforts of each zealous friend,
Unless to-night a fost'ring aid you lend.
To please you anxious, tho' our loss be great,
We levy no new tribute on your seat:
Grateful for favours ye conferr'd of old,
We value more your kindness than your gold.
Thus feels each Actor, as he anxious stands,
And waits the cheering welcome from your hands,

THE writer of the annexed lines, contemplating the possibility, however remote, that they may be honoured, to a certain extent, by the approbation of the Committee, begs leave respectfully to offer a single remark.

There is an apparent indelicacy in submitting, for the sanction of any body of individuals, a production containing a complimentary allusion to that body. This Address, however, is presumed to speak the opinions of the Company, and the great mass of the Proprietors of Drury-Lane Theatre; and, in the humble judgment of the writer, it would be much more indelicate, or rather it would be very ungrateful (and would be so considered by the Audience), were all notice to be omitted in it, of those zealous and disinterested exertions, to which alone is unquestionably to be attributed the re-erection of the building. The writer has only further to observe, that the passage to which he alludes is brief, and that the feeling which it expresses, is supposed immediately to merge in a more powerful sentiment entertained towards the public at large.

ADDRESS,

BY WALTER HENRY WATTS.

WHEN that appalling element, whose rage
With ruin had assail'd our Sister Stage,
Impartially destructive, turn'd its course,
And overwhelm'd us, with resistless force,

Prostrate and succourless—dismay'd—we lay
A night, that promis'd no returning day.
  Bereft of all its ancient gorgeous state,
A gloomy chaos, grandly desolate,
The Muse lamented o'er her fallen fane,
Nor breath'd her sighs, nor shed her tears in vain;
Touch'd with her sorrows, an enlighten'd band,
(Form'd from the boast and promise of the land)
Advanc'd, their renovating aid to give,
And bid once more Dramatic Genius live.
  To them our early, ardent thanks are due;
Our fond anticipations dwell on you.
For their benign, disinterested zeal,
A reverential gratitude we feel:
To you we turn, our hearts with hope elate,
And hail in you the masters of our fate.
As some fair Maid, rear'd by parental care,
With pious fervour pours her daily prayer
For those, who, guardians of her tender youth,
Her beauties cherish, and preserve her truth;
But when, in sweet maturity of charms,
She quits a mother's for a husband's arms,
A deeper, warmer interest swells her breast,
In every act, in every glance confest;
Her sole solicitude to win his praise—
Belov'd protector of her future days!
  Whate'er the varying images that pass
With rapid change o'er our theatric glass;
Whether it faithfully, but darkly show
The sad affinities of Vice and Woe,

Or brilliantly reflect, without alloy,
The splendid forms of Virtue and of Joy;
Whether, with wise research, in just array,
Historic truths it learnedly display,
Or sportively across its surface flit
The gay creations of inventive Wit;
To what emotion it may e'er give birth,
Anger, or admiration—tears, or mirth—
One animating motive will incite
Our zeal in the career begun to-night:—
To gain that awful voice whose sound is fame,
Our single, ceaseless, honourable aim,

To the Editor.

SIR,

HAVING conceived the accompanying Address worthy of being offered to the Public through the medium of the Committee, I may be permitted to consider it not less deserving now of a place in your volume. In this, however, I am not influenced by any other feeling than that justifiable emulation, which first accepted the invitation of the Committee to the poetical contest; and which, under all the circumstances of the case, I may perhaps be still allowed to entertain; though, had the public voice sanctioned the success of my more fortunate Competitor, I should certainly have submitted to the public opinion, and have withheld the evidence of my own failure.

When the unsuccessful Candidate for literary honours, appeals to a second decision, his claim is often produced under much disadvantage. In the present instance, I am happily relieved by the expression of the general sentiment, which leaves the Prize of Public Approbation still undetermined.

May I be allowed, Sir, a very few words on the subject of this Address, which had not the good fortune to be adopted by the Committee. I took up my pen, with Doctor Johnson's inimitable *Prologue* full on my recollection: and I observed that *he*, in a piece written expressly for the opening of a new Theatre, alludes not, ever so remotely, to its immediate occasion. But the calamity, which rendered necessary the

re-erection of Drury-lane Theatre, required some notice: I felt, however (perhaps erroneously), that it could not be too slightly or too delicately mentioned. If the Address was unsuited to, or incompatible with, any other occasion, I conceived that the *fire* was sufficiently recognized. Besides, Sir, the object of the Committee must have been, at least I so understood it, an Address from the Proprietors to the Public, and not from the Public to the Proprietors: of course, as little as possible was to be said of themselves, their losses, or their exertions.

Under this impression, Sir, I did endeavour, with what success the world will decide, to compose an Address, which I sent to the Committee, without a name, suitable to the present occasion, and to none other; tracing the History of the Stage, and enforcing its Morality, as essential to the Virtue and the Patriotism of the Country under which it is protected.

I am far from presuming that these objects have been attained by me: among the numerous Candidates, whose pieces have not been approved by the Committee, many, I am assured, have merited higher success than I could expect. The Public, I trust, will soon be enabled to pronounce that decision to which we must all submit.

I have the Honour to be,

SIR,

Your very obedient Servant,

EDMUND L. SWIFT.

Dublin, October 19, 1812.

ADDRESS,

Presented to the Committee.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

WHEN the fierce Saracen resistless pour'd
On Egypt's palmy plain his barbarous horde;
When Alexandria vail'd her vanquish'd head,
And in the conqueror's frown her ruin read;
Beyond the golden or the jewell'd prize,
Her stores of wisdom won his eager eyes;
He mark'd her ancient learning's long array,
And left to meaner hands the meaner prey.
The wealth of gather'd ages could alone
Please the proud Caliph, or illume his throne,
While round the wheels of OMAR'S trophied car
Extinguish'd Science shot her dying star.
Beneath the fury of his reckless rage,
There haply perish'd half the elder stage;
Haply the Tragic Muse stood sorrowing near,
And on her burning laurels dropp'd a tear.

A night of centuries the scene oppress'd
With silent darkness and inglorious rest:
Nor Wisdom could restore, nor Wit recall,
Where Superstition spread her sweeping pall.
Then, legend tales and cloister'd dreams decried
The Patriot's virtue and the Poet's pride;
Cold Ignorance congeal'd the mind of man,
" And the Monks finish'd what the Goths began."

Yet, destin'd to adorn an happier day,
One lingering spark among the ashes lay;

Sav'd from the wrecks of Greece, the spoils of Rome,
It slept, forgotten, in the convent's tomb;
Till Britain's Poet plum'd his eagle wing,
And burst the slumberous spell, and seiz'd the awaken'd
string.
Oh SHAKSPERE! tho' majestic as the Isle
Whose grateful hand revives thy ruin'd pile;
Though bright thy genius as the solar beam,
As ocean strong, and soft as Avon's stream;
Oh still, sweet Spirit! guard this favour'd ground,
And nightly hover o'er its laurell'd round!
Safe be the spot, where erst thy hand design'd
The living volume of the human mind!
For, should destruction doom thy honour'd lyre,
Or Europe's OMAR light thy funeral pyre,
Amid thy palms consum'd, thy trophies torn,
Must Britain all her vanish'd virtue mourn!
Perish the luckless omen!—while we view
Your spirit to yourselves and Britain true,
Vainly shall flames assail our ponderous pile,
And vainly shall the foe attempt our Isle.
Yes—by the glowing scene of SHAKSPERE taught,
Fight we as boldly as our fathers fought;
And, proudly tracing through his patriot strain,
The strife of Agincourt's victorious plain,
Deck with her ancient laurels Britain's son,
And gather HENRY'S wreath for WELLINGTON.
Thus shall our country's hand, our country's Muse,
Through distant times her Poet's soul diffuse,
With our example warm her rising age,
And give our triumphs to her future Stage.

ADDRESS,

Left with the Secretary of the Drury-Lane Committee, 8th September, 1812.

BY LEVET DESDAILE.

WHAT strange reverses mock his baffled skill,
Who seeks to limit Fortune's roving will!
As Proteus, prompt to prove her tyrant power,
In each wild change that tempts the passing hour.
All, from her wayward mood, in turn may feel
The giddy mazes of her circling wheel:
Alike unstable to her friends or foes,
Her favour rears that pile her rage o'erthrows.
As some lone Exile, whom relenting Time
Permits again to view his native clime,
To haunt anew the scenes that once he rov'd,
By Fancy brighten'd and by Taste belov'd;—
Which busy Memory taught his heart to prize,
While lonely wand'ring under distant skies,—
E'en thus, our pilgrimage of trouble past,
A cordial welcome greets our friends at last.
Since Fate's keen shaft has spent its destin'd force,
Nor left one venom'd wound to mark its course,
Hope's genial prospects now the theme employ,
And speed our thoughts to hail the general joy.
Where late a cheerless ruin cross'd your eyes,
Four summers gone,—behold our Fabric rise!

Restor'd from conflagration's ruthless sway,
And like the Phœnix, quick'ning from decay.
Nor deem us vain that here, to grace the toil,
We court the test of your approving smile;
For public duty guides our willing choice,
But waits its sanction from the *public voice.*
'Tis this which bids the tide of feeling roll
With phrensied fervor in the Actor's soul;
Exalts the scene that conscious hearts confess,
And kindles Passion from its last recess.
From this, more fiercely glows the sacred flame,
When Virtue throbs to gain the Patriot's name;
Or, hov'ring o'er the plain his genius won,
She twin'd the wreath to crown her WELLINGTON.
No longer mourning for their prostrate dome,
At Hope's gay call, the Sister Muses come;
THALIA'S rosy bloom, in mirth elate,
And sad MELPOMENE, with mien sedate;
Resistless, either, in her genuine form,
To charm the fancy or the heart to storm.
Though late, with drooping eye and flagging wing,
They bent in tears o'er Aganippe's spring*,
Each care at length dispell'd, their ardent glance
Explores Imagination's bold expanse.
From them shall Genius learn its native field,
And reap that praise which cultur'd talents yield,
Nor chill Neglect assail the tender shoot,
To blight its blossoms ere they teem with fruit.

* Alluding to the disgraceful prostitution of the Stage.

By them of old inspir'd, a happier age
With lasting honours deck'd the rising Stage,
And gave that plastic mind which rul'd the scene,
When England triumph'd in her Virgin Queen;
While Nature bless'd his homage at her shrine,
And thrill'd each heart with SHAKSPEARE'S magic line.
To win the meed that scenic toils pursue,
Our duty bends in humble suit to You:
The Muse once more asserts her 'custom'd right,
And asks your suffrage for her op'ning night.
If Taste and Candor shall decide our cause,
Those mighty umpires of the Drama's Laws,
We bow with rev'rence to their joint control,
And spring, with ardor fir'd, to reach the goal.

ADDRESS,

BY J. S.

WHAT pride—what pleasure fills the glowing breast,
When comes the honour'd, long-expected guest!
Yet faint th' impression to the joy we feel,
At sight of *thousands* anxious for our weal!
Oh! could the pow'rs of eloquence impart
The kindling raptures of the grateful heart,
Words, animated as our thoughts, should greet
Our friends—our patrons—in their new-rais'd seat!
Past scenes revive!—and in this throng I trace,
By Fancy's magic pow'r, each well-known face
That smil'd indulgence on *Old Drury's* cause,
And cheer'd our former efforts with applause:—
Illusive forms! to mem'ry only true!—
But not illusive are our hopes in *you.*
The prompt support which erst our zeal inflam'd,
Which Drury's exil'd Wanderers sustain'd,
And hail'd them to their temporary home,
Will celebrate the honours of our dome:
For, from the ashes which her parent 'whelm'd,
See, Phœnix-like, an offspring dares ascend;
Dares boldly emulate her pristine state,
Rear'd by the sanction of the good and great!
On *You*—whose will is law, whose voice is fame—
Depends the future glory of our name.

Obedient to your taste, our Stage must stand;
Rise to renown, or fall—as you command!
Say—Judges, Guides, Supporters, Patrons, say,
('Tis yours to fix the fashion of the day)
Shall quadrupeds or bipeds fill our Stage?
Shall horses prance, or tragic heroes rage?
Shall scenic charms with *human* grace unite?
Or pond'rous elephants appal the sight?
Nay, at your mandate, ev'n our lives we'll risk,
And conquer'd tigers shall be taught to frisk!
Or gladiators, more ferocious still,
Our scene illume with pugilistic skill;
Our Theatre to an arena fit,
While boxing amateurs controul our Pit:—
Forbid it SHAKSPEARE, Nature, Reason, Wit!

No;—from our Stage be such intruders chas'd;
Too long perverting genuine British taste!
Here, let us profit by instructive woe;
Here, let the generous tear for Virtue flow;
The Tragic Queen our sympathy regain,
And teach the selfish breast to feel for others' pain;
Thalia, too, in polish'd satire gay,
Shall shame the flimsy follies of the day;
Shall ridicule each *modern* Goth and Vandal:—
A Theatre you know's a "School for Scandal."

Yes;—where a GARRICK's energy and fire
Were wont resistless transports to inspire;
Where matchless SIDDONS charm'd a later age,
Reflecting Nature's image from our Stage:—

Still shall Britannia's ancient fame increase,
And emulate the classic lore of Greece!
Warm'd by your smile, and foster'd by your hand,
The bud of native genius may expand,
And future SHAKSPEARES, future GARRICKS rise
To earn immortal fame—their glorious prize!
The wand'rer, Taste, reclaim'd, disdain to roam,
And here establish'd, find a sheltering home!

Cambridge.

ADDRESS,

BY E. N. BELLCHAMBERS.

ARGUMENT.

To celebrate the mysteries of Bacchus, Melpomene, the Tragic Muse, is dispatched from Parnassus into Greece, from whence, in course of time, she departs into Italy. Driven thence by the irruption of the Goths, she at length reappears in England, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at a period when Liberty is supposed to emerge from the cave of Superstition, whither the persecutions of the preceding reign had driven him. He becomes enamoured of the Muse, the Gods permit their union, and SHAKSPEARE is produced as their offspring. With an apostrophe to the Audience, the Poem concludes.

To grace the mystic rites to Bacchus paid*,
The Tragic Muse, in sable pomp array'd,

* Un bouc pénètre dans la vigne d'un certain Icarius, habitant d'Icarie, bourg d'Athènes; il en mange les fruits, en blesse les ceps, les meurtrit, les arrache. Instruit du dégât, Icarius vole; fond sur l'animal, l'attaque, le combat, le tue comme l'ennemi de Bacchus. Le bouc est porté et etendu au milieu de la place publique. On chante et l'on danse autour de lui. Cette cérémonie, continuée pendant quelque tems, est adoptée, enfin, par les habitans de la ville; introduite sur les théâtres et appellée *Tragédie*, du nom meme de l'animal profanateur. Ces chants et ces danses durent plusieurs années; Thespis, pour donner quelque repos au chœur de musique, y insère un acteur, et lui fait réciter des vers, ou plutôt des injures contre les passans. Crates, par des reglemens

Sprung from Parnassus by divine command,
And wav'd her fairy wand o'er Grecian land.
Then Æschylus arose. 'Twas then the Stage
Taught Virtue's precepts to a wond'ring age,
Tore Subtilty from Vice, a hellish skreen!
And bade man profit by the magic scene.
Succeeding Bards pursu'd the Sage's course,
And strove, by Scorn and Satire's blended force,
To strike presumptuous Guilt with holy fear,
And laugh blind Folly from her mad career.

Too soon the Muse, high on the wings of Time,
Soar'd from her seat, and sought a foreign clime;
In Rome's proud city fix'd her heav'nly throne,
And long in undiminish'd splendour shone.

The savage sons of Ignorance at length
Spurn'd her mild sway, and with barbarian strength
Struck the bright sceptre from her gentle hand,
And chas'd the Goddess from a ravag'd land.

Long thro' the darkling realms of night she fled,
Nor dar'd on earth again to raise her head,
Till with Britannia, guardian of the oppress'd,
She found a place of refuge and of rest.
(Oh, honour'd soil! Oh, hallow'd, happy ground!
Thy gen'rous Sons, with every blessing crown'd,
Spread thy immortal name from pole to pole,
By truth conciliate, and by pow'r controul.)

meuveaux met un frein à cette licence. Eschyle jette dans le chœur un second personnage; Sophocle l'enrichit d'un troisième; l'art se développe, s'aggrandit, se perfectionne, et bientôt il est divisé en deux branches, la Comédie et la Tragédie."—*Essai sur la Comédie, par M. le Chevalier de Palmézeaux.*

Safe in this glorious seat of arts and arms,
The panting Muse forgot her past alarms,
Shook off her terrors, and unveil'd her charms.

Long by foul Superstition's arts retain'd,
The brooding hag held Liberty enchain'd:
Deep in a dungeon's gloom the captive groan'd,
While the fell fiend, on slaughter'd thousands thron'd,
Plung'd the pale world in horror and affright,
Till soft Religion, sick'ning at the sight,
Wept the black deeds Truth taught her to despise,
Fled from the earth, and gain'd her native skies.

Reason at length the mystic spell o'erthrew,
And dragg'd the monster into mortal view;
Bade man no more her guilty frauds esteem,
But spurn her yoke, and Liberty redeem.

Releas'd from Superstition's darksome cave,
The God found freedom, but became a slave;
The Muse he saw; and swift his voice avow'd
The raging flame that in his bosom glow'd;
To bright Apollo's lute, by Venus strung,
The love-sick youth his ardent passion sung;
The Muse consents; the Gods the union crown'd,
And made the Heavens with harmony resound.
Jove bless'd their bed, and to prolong their joy,
Produc'd an heir, and—SHAKSPEARE call'd the boy!
SHAKSPEARE! the grace and glory of the age,
Who first bade Inspiration tread the Stage!
SHAKSPEARE! the world's applause thy steps shall trace,
Till pow'r to praise desert the human race.
Offspring of Heav'n! still in thy beauty's bloom,
Subduing Death, and victor of the tomb,

How shall vain mortals, with thy glories warm,
Presume to praise what Gods conspir'd to form?
Oft at thy tender strains stern hearts have bled,
Till Vice has wonder'd at the tears she shed;
Oft the dull breast has glow'd with rage divine,
While Passion thunder'd in thy mighty line!
Who shall against that well-earn'd fame prevail,
Which Time and Envy must in vain assail?
On him, if such a slave can e'er be found,
Shall Malice with a ten-fold force rebound.
The Titian race so warr'd with mighty Jove,
And hurl'd huge mountains at his realms above;
But swift the massy ruin roll'd below,
And crush'd the rebel head that sent the blow.

This Bard, whose chasten'd lines all hearts enchain,
Within our rule supreme o'er all shall reign!
He shall instruct;—let others entertain.
While, then, our Patrons will their aid extend,
Mirth and Morality shall be our end;
The grave we'll strive to temper with the gay,
And please all palates with our varied play.
No horses here shall leap o'er Nature's fence,—
The Drama's best support is Common-sense,—
Be you but firm, nor deign to patronise
Amusements that your reason must despise.
Cheer'd with your smiles, then, all our hearts desire,
Drury again shall to the clouds aspire,
And, like a new-born Phœnix, flourish from the fire!

Southampton-Row, Russell-Square.

ADDRESS,

BY J. H. B.

IMPARTIAL Judges of the Thespian Band,
Who rise or fall at your supreme command,
Again we come before your awful seat,
Your smiles of welcome, or your frowns to meet:
And, Oh! deciders of the Drama's Laws,
Should our exertions merit your applause,
Should ceaseless ardour to promote the rise
Of *native talent* to its *native skies*,
Claim your approval, or our hopes fulfil,
We trust your candour will acquit us still!
Tho' once (how fondly cherish'd are those years!)
Here GARRICK caus'd your laughter or your tears;
Still 'tis our bold, nor unambitious aim,
By pleasing you, to emulate his fame!
Dulness and Ribaldry the scourger knew,
And Pantomimic Puppets from his presence flew.
'Twas his to curb the license of his Age,
And re-erect the beauties of the Stage:
'Tis ours to follow in the path he knew,
Mark'd out by Taste, and ratified by you:
Where foster'd Genius, with renascent pride,
Sublimely borne on that aerial tide,
Where SHAKSPEARE, 'mid a thousand worlds full orb'd,
Their range exhausted and their spheres absorb'd;
Where SHAKSPEARE, heedless of a world's applause,
Thro' Nature darted, and explor'd her laws;

Where British Genius have reviv'd her blaze,
Or modern Wit her polish'd charms displays;
Still have we strove, and with unceasing care,
For you their joint attractions to prepare.
Twice did our walls the conqu'ring flames depose,
With renovated lustre twice they rose;
Thus, when the Phœnix on its funeral pyre,
Appears one moment in its blaze t' expire,
Quick she resuscitates, and upwards springs,
While brighter radiance dances on her wings.
Thus may we rise in your increas'd esteem,
Thus round our brows reviving honours beam:
But should the British Fair accord their praise,
That ev'ry fear and ev'ry care repays;—
Should they but smile, we dread no frowns—not one!
For how can clouds withstand so bright a sun?
All the mishaps Performers can foresee,
Sink to the ground, and disappear—like me!

[*Going off at the Side Scenes.*]

To account for the partial similarity which exists between the compositions distinguished by the motto of "*Nec deficit alter*," it may be necessary to state, that the first in succession was written in January last, at which time the mania for equestrian exhibitions was at its height. On the appearance of the Advertisement issued by the Committee, the Writer was induced to re-consider the subject; and, from an apprehension that his former production might be considered as too *pointedly allusive* to a rival concern, and thereby secure its own defeat, he endeavoured to express the same sentiments in more gentle, and (as he hoped) less objectionable terms. This was the origin of his second Essay, in which are retained a few lines belonging to the first. Both were, however, transmitted to the Committee, and both are now offered for publication, that this Collection may not be incomplete; but the Writer begs leave explicitly to declare, that he is as far from imputing their rejection to any unworthy motive on the part of the Committee, as he is from desiring to provoke a comparison between his own verses and those of Lord Byron; or any which have been, or may be hereafter offered to the Public.

Nov. 4th, 1812.

No. I.

"*Nec deficit alter.*"

WHOE'ER the world's vast theatre surveys,
With all the varied scenes it now displays—

Scenes fraught with horrors, cruelty, and crimes,
And deeds of death, unknown in happier times—
Must loath the tragedy of half an age,
Which, still unfinish'd, fills that ample stage.
Yet, like the rock, whose adamantine form
Drives back the billows, and derides the storm,
A proud distinction Britain still maintains
'Mid ravag'd nations, and a world in chains.
Let the stern tyrant track his course in gore,
And vent his rage on some less-favour'd shore;
Let him ascend the violated Throne,
And madly grasp a Sceptre not his own;
Let prostrate nations tremble at his nod,
And grov'lling own the self-created God!—
Here the mild charities of life increase,
Here all is order, elegance, and peace;
Here the sad exile rests his wearied feet,
And injur'd Freedom finds a last retreat.
While deeds like these exalt Britannia's name,
And add fresh trophies to her former fame,
She sees, unmov'd, the Drama's power decline,
And Feeling sacrific'd at Folly's shrine:
Sees vanquish'd Nature, prostrate on the field,
To rampant Nonsense all her glories yield;
The smiles of Humour, and the tears of Woe,
To nerveless Impotence, and empty Show.
Yet, since improvement now is all the rage,
Must innovation only spare the Stage?
What though our fathers could whole evenings sit,
With Sense delighted, and extolling Wit;

Let us, more wise, an easier plan pursue,
And centre all our joys in *something new!*
Ye Pow'rs! who o'er Theatric Realms preside,
A Nation sues, and must not be denied.
The long procession's glittering ranks prepare,
The pomp triumphal, and the banquet's glare;
Each scene with new magnificence be fraught,
To save dull Wonder from the pain of thought;
Nor let vain fears your golden dreams disturb,
We pardon dullness—only be superb!
With yours compar'd, let Eastern splendour fade,
And monarchs fail to rival your parade.
And, when the time shall come that sights like these
Have lost, with novelty, their power to please,
Though surly Sense against the deed exclaim,
And outrag'd Reason cry aloud "for shame!"
Quick! let some fresh experiment be tried;
With speed, let every Actor learn to ride;
Brutes fill the parts too long usurp'd by men,
And what is now a Stage, be made a Den.
Britons! the Drama spurns a task so base,
And shrinks, repugnant, from her own disgrace.
Not meant her heav'n-imparted strength to waste,
Debauching Morals, and corrupting Taste,
To loftier aims her emulation towers,
And nobler views invigorate her powers.
'Tis hers to prop declining Virtue's cause,
Give strength to Freedom, and assist the Laws;
To combat Vice, and Folly's vain pretence,
And win a Nation back to Common-sense.

Let not misfortune, then, be deem'd a fault,
With joy would *we* the fallen Stage exalt;
But vain for *us* to struggle, or complain,
Since *your* decree has rivetted the chain.
We mark the swelling of Opinion's tide,
And follow with the stream we may not guide.
To you who favour, or, at least, permit
These rude incursions on the realms of Wit,
To you, this night, a last appeal is made
By slighted Nature, and by Sense betray'd.
In Folly's beam, supine, no longer bask,
But emulously ply the needful task;
For soon, should you, neglectful of your charge,
Leave mad Absurdity to range at large,
The sly contagion from the Stage will creep,
Till Reason sink in everlasting sleep;
Wit, Virtue, Wisdom, Liberty expire,
And Truth indignant quench her hallow'd fire.

January 10th, 1812.

No. II.

"Nec deficit alter."

LONG o'er the spot where Drury's glory slept,
The Scenic Muse in dire affliction wept;
Prone in the dust her favourite haunt bewail'd,
Yet linger'd there, tho' hope itself had fail'd.
At length her years of degradation fly;
She rears, once more, her towering crest on high!

Sees every wish with full completion crown'd,
And Order reign, where late Destruction frown'd.
Whose heart within him burns not at the sight?
Who views, unmov'd, the triumph of to-night?
For sure, whate'er the bigot's zeal pretend,
The Stage, well govern'd, is the general friend!
'Tis hers to prop declining Virtue's cause,
Give strength to Freedom, and assist the Laws;
To combat Vice, and Folly's vain pretence,
And win a nation back to Common-Sense.

Hither, well pleas'd, her mighty crowds she draws,
Whose welfare moves her more than their applause;
Her means how various! but her only aim
To send them home more virtuous than they came:
Here in a mirror, clear as it is true,
Their faults, and failings, every rank may view;
Fashion, and Wealth, their vain pursuits deplore,
Fools see their errors, and be fools no more;
Pride learn submission, Poverty content,
And conscious knaves to tremble, and repent.

While yet our Isle lay wrapt in feudal night,
And faintly dawn'd Refinement's earliest light,
Ere Sentiment gain'd strength at Wit's expense,
Or cold Formality enfeebled Sense,
By Truth inspir'd, transcendant SHAKSPEARE came;
Unquestion'd heir of everlasting fame!
Spurn'd the dull bounds that vulgar souls confine,
And wav'd his pinions for a flight divine.
Beneath his touch a new creation grew,
Though wild, consistent—though ideal, true;

Fancy to him resign'd her pictur'd zone*,
And Nature claim'd his offspring for her own.
  Such was the Bard who, in Eliza's reign,
That language spoke which Art could never feign;
With genuine life adorn'd the mimic scene,
And charm'd alike, the Peasant and the Queen.
  But should at length some happier age arise,
That dotes on toys severer times despise,
Should Faith unstain'd, and honourable Pride,
Beneath the weight of bloated wealth subside,
All rank disturb'd, all character effac'd,
While weak Caprice usurps the name of Taste,
How shall the Stage preserve (when these intrude)
Her pristine virtue from assaults so rude?
See! in the van Simplicity recede,
And Wit, attending, emulate her speed;
The accents then of homely Truth alarm,
And they who cannot flatter cease, to charm.
Inanity begins his long career,
And all the foes of Sense assemble here;
Till Reason shuns th' unequal war to wage,
And Sound, and Show, divide the conquer'd Stage.
  To you who favour, or, at least, permit
These rude incursions on the realms of Wit,
To you, this night, a last appeal is made
By slighted Nature, and by Sense betray'd.

* Η· και απο ϛηθεσφιν ελυσατο κεϛον ἱμαντα
Ποικιλον· ενθα δε ὁι θελκτηριοα παντα τετυκτο.
Iliad 14, ver. 214, &c.

In Folly's beam, supine, no longer bask,
But emulously ply the needful task;
For soon, should you, neglectful of your charge,
Leave mad Absurdity to range at large,
The sly contagion from the Stage will creep,
Till Reason sink in everlasting sleep;
Wit, Virtue, Wisdom, Liberty, expire,
And Truth indignant quench her hallow'd fire.

August 28th, 1812.

ADDRESS.

" ——— Despectáque Musæ
" Colla levant."

CLAUD. *de Laud. Stil.* l. ii. 127.

IN Orient clime, when years decreed have run,
Awhile the Solar Bird appears undone;
But though 'mid flames the beauteous form expire,
Anew it rises from extinguish'd fire;
Again fresh plumage decks the splendid frame,
And rays of brightness, life resum'd, proclaim.
Then from air's regions flocks, on pinions light,
In haste repair to gratify their sight;
With eager eyes press forward young and old,
Intent the renovation to behold;
The feather'd champions* rage of war forget;
All seem for admiration solely met;
Pure joy prevails:—each warbler feels surprise,
And plaudits loudly echo through the skies.
In ashes laid our former lofty dome,
We long remain'd bereft of spacious home;
At length, howe'er, those days of sadness o'er,
On *Drury*'s favour'd soil we breathe once more;
From cinders rise our columns, gayly dress'd;
In every feature pleasure stands confess'd;

* " Non ferus accipiter, non armiger ipse Tonantis
" Bella movent."

CLAUD. *de Phœnice*, 81.

The MUSES, seen dejected, rear their head;
The smiles of satisfaction fondly spread;
Our bosoms throb on venerated earth:
Like Britons,—proud to owe to Britain birth.
Oft SHAKSPEARE's thoughts, rehears'd by GARRICK here,
Have wak'd the soul, or drawn the tender tear;
ROWE, OTWAY, ADDISON, with wond'rous art,
Pourtray'd those glowing scenes that touch the heart;
The sparkling wit of CONGREVE rais'd delight,
And sprightly FARQUHAR put dull Care to flight.
With pow'rs not less,—to NATURE always true,
The Bard still lives who *Lady Teazle* drew;
And while in mortal form allowed to rest,
Hope pictures prospects that enchant the breast.
Again instruction yield shall Drury's Stage;
Again attention virtuous truths engage;
Our constant effort be to win your praise:
To WELLINGTON the Victor's trophy raise;
The noble deeds of heroes to relate;
Depict the glories that on triumph wait:
Hold up to notice Worth the most renown'd;
And Merit show with wreaths of honour crown'd:
Lay open knavish wiles, that man debase;
From Vice detested warn the rising race;
Expose Detraction; rev'rence Prince and Laws;
And seek a gen'rous nation's just applause.

September 3, 1812.

ADDRESS.

Presented to the Committee.

WHEN Ilion's Sons, o'erwhelm'd by Grecia's ire,
Beheld their city sepulchred in fire,
Hurl'd from their lov'd abodes, dispers'd and lost,
Rov'd the lorn fugitives from coast to coast,
Privation, peril, mark'd the ling'ring hours;
Till rais'd, redeem'd by Fate's relenting pow'rs,
Fair Latium's strand they hail'd, elate with joy,
And Rome majestic rose from ruin'd Troy.
Expell'd, and exil'd thus, our Fabric burn'd,
From wanderings wide receive us, thus return'd.
Hope pointed still, amid migrations far,
To your protection—our auspicious star!
Whose genial influence shall repay the past,
And give us empire greater than the last!

Of all the pow'rs that sway the human breast,
Unrivall'd Queen! the Drama shines confest;
The spell-bound Passions crouch around her throne,
Which Arts embellish, and the Graces own:
There, Painting, Music, Verse, unite their charms,
To gird the Goddess with resistless arms;
Alike supreme, in mirth or woe she reigns,
And holds the soul in voluntary chains.
Her bland persuasion sooth'd barbaric strife,
Through ages dark ameliorating life;

For not th' Historic, not the Epic Muse,
Could e'er their precepts with *her* force infuse.
At her rebuke bold Vice averts his head,
At her strong bidding rise th' illustrious dead;
And each sublime example glows, impress'd
With living letters on th' admiring breast:
Virtue, if Genius in her cause engage,
Still finds her mightiest agent in the Stage.
'Tis true, our English wits in Charles's days,
Debas'd the Drama, gathering weeds with bays;
But *then* the Stage a wanton Court addrest,
Who lov'd her only in a harlot's vest.
Illicit Wit, of prurient Folly born,
Now both the Poet and the Patron scorn;
Like brothers, arm in Modesty's defence,
And drive mad Comus and his monsters hence.
But why, in dim eclipse, from modern days
Withdraws Melpomene her sacred rays?
With incense heap'd, Thalia's altar smokes,
But not one Bard the Sister-power invokes;
Yet never glow'd with such illustrious rage
The Tragic Muse, as on the British Stage—
Exulted elsewhere in so bold a flight,
Or thrill'd the soul with such supreme delight!
From elder times, indeed, scholastic law
Had clip'd her wings, and held the Stage in awe;
There, wizard-like, stern Aristotle stalk'd,
And Genius only in his circle walk'd;
Not yet, in Greece, Rome, Italy, or France,
Dar'd one bold wit beyond those bounds advance;

Till she, great nurse of daring enterprise,
Delighted England! saw her SHAKSPEARE rise,
Innately great, by no blind precept led,
Imbued by Nature at her fountain-head:
As when prolific Nile o'erfloods his mounds,
Dispensing harvests, o'er pedantic bounds
He swept sublime, while Fame her flag unfurl'd,
And fertiliz'd the whole dramatic world.
Oh for some Spirit of congenial fire,
Some mighty master, whose impassion'd lyre
Should pour impetuous Albion's loud appeal,
And thrill each bosom with electric zeal;
Not, when their country calls, that Britons need
Exterior agents her demands to plead;
But when, portentous mid the storms of war,
Glares public danger, like a blasting star,
Then should the Stage, exerting all her art,
Respond the language of the Patriot's heart,
And like a Priestess, plac'd at Freedom's shrine,
Roll Inspiration with a voice divine.
And when, grown frantic with enormous pride,
E'er stalk'd Ambition with so vast a stride,
With such fell rage, as o'er th' ensanguin'd ball
Infuriate moves the devastating Gaul?
But shall it be, in Havock's mission bold,
Shall this dire anarch ravage uncontroul'd,
Range the fair earth with pestilential power,
And sweep to death whole nations in an hour?
Shall he, yet smarting from her chastening rod,
Bid Albion's self crouch down beneath his nod,

Dispute her inalienable command,
And Ocean's sceptre ravish from her hand?
First let the waves that gird her empire round,
O'erwhelm, entomb her in their depths profound,
And Desolation, in her blotted sphere
Howl with wild triumph, "Albion once was here!"
But fates far different Heaven's high will ordains;
For prostrate Kings while Gaul prepares his chains,
With strength stupendous still shall Albion rise,
Blast his proud hopes, his haughty flag chastize
On every wave! on each disputed plain
Fight Salamanca's glorious field again!
Till, the grim Moloch crush'd beneath his car,
Her potent word shall quench the flames of war,
Whence, like this lesser fabric, to the skies
Shall Freedom's fane resuscitated rise,
While Albion's laurels earth's expanse o'erspread,
And rescued realms repose beneath the shade.

D.

ADDRESS,

BY EUGENIUS ROACH.

Jupiter omnipotens, audacibus annue cœptis.

VIR. ÆN.

HAS not the Sun withdrawn his wintry beam,
And darkness quench'd the twilight's dying gleam?
And yet what sudden floods of bursting light,
Dispel with lurid day the gloom of night?
Is it Invasion hurls her brands on high,
And fires with Gallic flame the British sky?
No; for th' invading Gaul has sunk afar,
Beneath the thunders of Britannia's war.
Friends to the Muse's spells! afford your aid!
It is their fane the raging flames invade!
Urge—urge along the rattling engine's speed,
Unlock the prison'd stream, and ceaseless feed
The arching wave, that beats the blazing tide,
And bids th' unruly rage of fire subside.
But vain your toils! the flames triumphant rise,
Now roar and tow'r resistless to the skies—
Now sudden check'd—what mighty thund'ring fall!
What deep red cloud mounts from the crashing wall!
Wide, wider still—its ample wings unfold,
Speck'd by ten thousand sparks with stars of gold,
And hov'ring o'er the prostrate ruin, form
A mimic sky, above the fiery storm.

Friends to the Muse's spells! repress the sigh!
No longer does their fane in ruins lie—
No longer, as ye pass, ye'll mourning cast
A glance, reproachful, at the frowning waste,
Whilst stung with vain regret, your mind recalls
The happy hour ye spent within its walls,
When gay Thalia spread the comic cheer,
And conquer'd Vice and Folly with a sneer;
Or sad Melpomene's heart-melting woe,
Drew from your eyes the sympathetic flow.
What hand has rear'd th' uprooted temple's base?
Reviv'd the fallen glories of the place?
Recall'd the Muses to their fav'rite Stage,
Once more to please, reprove, inform the age?
'Tis public spirit, ardent, unconfin'd,
Whom no rebuke could check, no care could bind;
Who, ere the the prostrate ruin felt his power,
Thro' clashing int'rests toil'd full many an hour,
Woke in each breast the zeal inflam'd his own,
And rais'd at last the Drama's ancient throne.
Behold! whilst round the wand'ring Muses come,
We, too, shall find an hospitable home;
For who would not, where late the wind of night
Thro' dreary ruins roar'd, with keened light,
Hear SHAKSPEARE pour the variegated strain,
Now raise the broad, loud laugh, now wake the tragic pain?
Or bask, where flames late cast their horrid glare,
In the bright glances of a thousand fair?
And with successive peals of rapture try
To shake our fane, new-risen to the sky?

Thus, if a loftier strain can please your ear,
And mortal, with immortal, may compare—
Thus, when dissolving worlds are burnt away,
And man reviving hails th' eternal day,
Assembled round th' Almighty pow'r we'll stand,
And watch the wonders of his plastic hand,—
See new creations burst from Nature's tomb,
Where Chaos frown'd, immortal glories bloom,
Then view his work complete, whilst peals of joy
From sainted millions, shake immensity.

ADDRESS,

BY EDWARD SIMPSON.

WHILST yet sad mem'ry paints the mournful sight,
The dire remembrance of that awful night,
When circling flames our fairest hopes confound,
And smoking ruins strew the classic ground;
Sacred to Arts—those Arts which Britons prize—
Once more behold our Phœnix walls arise.
Call'd to existence by a nation's voice,
They rose obedient to the public choice.
With joy the Muses view the rising pile,
Resolv'd to aid their ever-favor'd Isle,
Here raise aloft their consecrated throne,
And earthly walls their heav'nly presence own.
They chuse Thalia here to reign in state,
To mark the strange revolves of mimic fate,
Enrol the progress of the British taste,
Direct their judgment to the great and chaste;
Restore the Drama to its proper home,
Forc'd by its upstart rivals hence to roam.
With these commands the Goddess takes her seat;
Pleas'd your endearing smiles once more to meet,
With secret exultation casts her eyes
On her fair patrons, and enraptur'd cries:
"Hail, happy Nation, where all arts combine,
"With Science, Freedom, Wit and Beauty shine,

"Valour, and Commerce with her sails unfurl'd,
"All join to crown thee Mistress of the World!
"From fields of death and warring nations rent,
"To guard fair Learning when by Wisdom sent;
"To rouse to virtuous deeds the Patriot's heart,
"And conquer Vice with Satire's pointed dart,
"She form'd the Stage; but lest degen'rate man
"Should alter what so wisely she began,
"She sent great SHAKSPEARE champion of her cause;
"To him defin'd her never-erring laws.
"He taught the sympathetic heart to glow,
"And tears to fall for well-imagin'd woe;
"From Nature's self he drew the varied scene,
"With equal truth the Peasant and the Queen;
"Folly, at his approach, retir'd with shame,
"And Wisdom crown'd him with immortal fame.
"Not he alone deserves the sov'reign praise:
"More modern poets admiration raise;
"And future ages future bards shall bring,
"While British valour forms new themes to sing:
"For long as Freedom holds her golden reign,
"In their lov'd Isle the Muses shall remain,
"Fix'd to the spot by gratitude's strong ties,
"Nor quit this mansion for their kindred skies."

ADDRESS,

BY GEORGE TAYLOR.

SEE, like the Phœnix, on aspiring wing
The Fane of Drury from her ashes spring!
Once more behold her, with fresh splendour deck'd,
E'en on the spot, where erst her glory wreck'd,
She sank, immers'd 'mid heav'n-ascending fires,
Which gilded with their blaze Augusta's spires.
Once more behold her, your lov'd praise to share,
Daughters of Albion! beautifully fair!
And you, ye Sons of Albion! fam'd in arms,
Versant in Arts, and bless'd with beauty's charms!
E'en from her desolation yet once more
Behold her smile, your sanction to implore.
Oh! fav'ring greet her, like a youthful bride,
Timid and coy, with virgin blushes dyed,
Oppress'd with tremors and innumerous fears,
Tho' inly pleas'd—she comes—your smiles, your tears,
Haply to claim—endued with varying pow'rs,
To charm for you alternately the hours;
As Comedy, with Satire in her train,
Laughs at the follies of the light and vain;
Or Tragedy, in sable vestments clad,
With solemn pace and slow, and visage sad,
Moves heavily along;—here, Terror pale;
There, Sorrow bending o'er her mournful tale.

That from her mould'ring ruins, dark as night,
This Fabric beams irradiant on your sight,
Thanks to the tasteful, fam'd, illustrious band,
Who made in her behalf so firm a stand;
Aided by him, whose great and manly mind
This Theatre, his country, and mankind,
Loudly attest—while Senates own his fame,
And proud Oppression trembles at his name:
For these it was, that bade this pile ascend,
The public taste and morals to amend,
As well as show their deep regard for men;
Whose eloquence and wit, the tongue and pen,
In living language and recorded speech,
To list'ning and admiring thousands teach.—
But, ah! what vision glances on mine eye?
Methinks the Shade of SHAKSPEARE I espy,
Come from his blissful seats, in native right,
To share the honours of this opening night,
When far-fam'd Drury rises yet again,
To animate with form his beauteous strain.
But no!—it cannot be—it is the pow'r
Of strong Imagination, at this hour,
From which the fancy knows not to escape,
That gives to the idea seeming shape.
For who that views this Theatre around,
With blooming youth and radiant beauty crown'd,
Can fail to think of SHAKSPEARE, Bard divine!
His Temple this—and this, his laurell'd shrine?
Sire of the Stage! Britannia's fav'rite Bard!
In Heav'n thy peace, while favouring Angels guard;

And while on grateful earth, thy matchless name
Shall only sink when Nature sinks in flame;
Oh! may thy genius hover o'er this dome,
And, like the sun, disperse the black'ning gloom,
That gathering round, transforms to hideous waste
The lovely realms of Sentiment and Taste:
So then shall Truth her ensigns wide display,
Wave her bright torch, and shed resplendent day,
And a new era on these boards commence—
The reign of rescued Nature and of Sense.
To hold up Satire's glass to Folly's face;
To show how idiot-like is her grimace;
To brand with infamy opprobrious Crime,
That, unabash'd, from vice to vice will climb;
With real sense to regulate the mind;
To make the most unsocial love mankind;
To teach the great their country to revere;
And dread despoilers on their thrones to fear:—
For this, in ancient times, arose the Stage;
For this, descended down from age to age;
And e'en for this, exists in these late times,
Not free from follies, nor unstain'd with crimes;
And, Oh! for this—may Drury only rise!
And as she captivates your ears, your eyes,
With soothing Music, tasteful and refin'd,
And beauteous Scenery stealing on the mind;
As, while with harmless mirth and pleasing wiles,
The human face she softens into smiles;
Or bids with tears the eyes of beauty flow,
O'er the wild tale of some sweet fabled woe;

Then will she glory only to impart
What mends the manners, or improves the heart.
We speak not of our newly-risen pile—
'Tis yours to censure or commend its style:
Nor come we forward here with proud pretence;—
Our aim—to please alone by truth and sense;
For, Britons, on your judgment we rely,
And cast on you a fond, yet anxious eye:
For you, we live; for you, exert our pow'rs;
For you collect the choicest fruits and flow'rs,
Rear'd by the genius of illustrious men—
All-grasping SHAKSPEARE, and erudite BEN,
OTWAY, impassion'd, with his tales of woe,
SOUTHERNE and CONGREVE, and accomplish'd ROWE,
And SHERIDAN, illumin'd with the light
Of sparkling wit—the star of satire bright,
With others, whose immortal names to tell,
Long would the Muse her silver clarion swell.
Then deign our varying labours to beguile—
Oh! deign to cheer us with approving smile:
So shall our efforts please, with genius crown'd,
And ancient Drury's soil be classic ground;
The Muses and the Graces, hand in hand,
Before these scenes take their enchanting stand;
And Wisdom here in her own lustre shine,
While off'ring incense up at Virtue's shrine:
And thus the Stage, to dignity allied,
Lift up aloft her head with conscious pride:
And sacred to the service of mankind,
Become the Mentor of the human mind.

Vauxhall.

ADDRESS,

BY JOHN PYTCHES, ESQ.

OF GROTON-HOUSE, SUFFOLK.

ON our prompt labour cast a lively look;
Our task is finished that we undertook.
Drury, burn'd down by accident or plot,
Is reproduc'd, and shades its ancient spot.
Concord and spirit beat despair, and we
Have rais'd once more the Edifice you see.
Four tedious years misfortune's gales have blown;
Four tedious years no harvest have we known.
When your house, barns, or stables are on fire,
The fields still grant whatever you require:
The farm remains, produces corn and hay—
Our Fabric lost, we've nothing left to pay.
Bereav'd of that, distress succeeds our grief,
And your condolence is our bare relief.
Domestic means abate—perhaps they end,
Before we meet one beneficial friend:
Oppression comes—to act we know not how;
Stock we have none, nor have we land to plough.
When monarchism reign'd in former days,
Abbeys oft fell to ashes in the blaze;
And monks were able 'gainst the loss to stand—
How?—by the tillage of their abbey land.
Time wears out Woe—we have awaited time,
But found our solace more in reason's clime.

Ages agone, the tongue and scriptural pen,
Taught, that we should "Remember we are men"
Consoling precept now as well as then.

Whence does this sumptuous work embrace our eyes?
Whence do the Arts progressively arise?
From those who, having minds that gems produce,
Apply them readily to public use.
Genius, skill, science,—with a liberal purse
O! may the Prince befriend,—we Actors nurse.

While you protect—Prosperity we know,
With our deserts and steady toil will grow;
While you protect—the benefit and cost
Of this *Establishment* will not be lost.
But what we strive most anxiously to court,
Is the establishment of your support;
Bolster'd by that, true merit will not droop,
Nor to the Critic's curb-rein'd judgment stoop;
The vicious tone of Scandal cannot flow,
Nor can the malice of the Satirist grow.
Strengthen our hope! extend us every aid:
Your boon shall be with gratitude repaid.
May the kind patronage that we request,
On our obedience to your wishes rest;
And those advantages we hope to reap,
May Talent merit, and Discretion keep!

ESSAY FOR THE ADDRESS,

On the Re-opening of Drury-Lane Theatre.

BY HUGO ARNOT, ESQ.

WHAT throng of feelings agitates the breast,
So deeply by the gen'ral sense impress'd?
What mind now ruminates on *Romeo*'s throes,
Othello's pangs, or *Belvidera*'s woes?
What fancy centre in a comic treat,
Far less what heart with farcic relish beat?
As when a tuneful tumult fills the ear,
Sounds sink promiscuous in the unstill'd sphere;
So fails, methinks, the Drama to afford
To your ebullient sense a kindred chord:
So th' aggregate of this auspicious day
Absorbs the partial interest of a Play.
All public efforts introduction claim,
Prospectus, Prologue, whatsoe'er the name;
But here we recognize peculiar traits,
Which the prelusive obligation raise.
"All th' World's a Stage"—the converse here is due.
The Stage is of the World an emblem true;
And the grand theatre few scenes affords,
But, microscopic, rise upon these boards.
First, Genius the dramatic germ conceives,
And an eventful tissue interweaves;
Through fancy roving, or with facts as guides,
When gay Thalia o'er his hand presides.

E'en when he dips in blood the tragic pen,
The Bard still dedicates his work to men:
By Nature modell'd, and with Taste design'd,
His fervent images invade the mind;
A new existence in the Actor claim,
And transmigrate into his conscious frame:
With technical device supported here,
They figure on the histrionic sphere;
And with a combination so intense,
Illusion quits the fascinating sense.
'Tis by this series, then, that we renew
The scenes whose prototypes arise with you.
Here, too, the "passages of life" display'd,
A safe, yet living, moral is convey'd;
And, with a recreating power, the Stage
Sheds genial admonition on the age.
We're actors all: our parts still square with yours;
Each as he fills his own, his fame secures:
On either stage we've but a part to play,
And "strut and fret" our destin'd "hour" away:
Alas! our figure to the last holds true;
On both, the *actors* drop—the *parts* renew.
How blest this Isle! 'Twas on this "sea-girt" spot
That Nature dictated, and SHAKSPEARE wrote;
Yet not by fiction only stor'd the Stage,
Our noble annals dignify his page;
And while his fancy-work's a-kin to truth,
The decorated story fires our youth.
The Muse, forbid each Thespian Bard to sing,
Would muster them beneath his parent wing.

Yet not mankind alone to us 'twas giv'n
To solve, but the mysterious course of Heav'n:
Newton, who, with the Father of our Stage,
In genius copes, our tribute must engage.
How blest this Isle! nor less in arts than arms;
Yet so remov'd from direful war's alarms:
Unfelt her grievous circumstances here,
The glorious din alone salutes our ear;
And Europe groans beneath "her armed hoof,"
Whilst here "the peaceful flowret" blooms aloof.
Ah! this reflection should go far to smooth
"The moody frontier," and our grumblings sooth.
There, she volcanic ravage spreads around,
Bursts her consuming torrents o'er the ground;
Showers her destructive fire throughout the air,
Alike allied to death, the gloom, the glare;
Till Ocean, scarce from th' insolence exempt,
Only to quench, receives the last attempt;
Whilst, on our favour'd sky, we but survey
The brilliant corruscations as they play,
Nor with her fellowship, our genius fails;
Dispens'd by Nature with inverted scales.
What triumph say, O Muse, irradiate here,
First, those reflected from the Southern sphere?
There, England on the laurell'd field of Spain
Proves mastery not only on the main:
*Behold! that bright vibration in the breast;
*It streams across th' Atlantic's lucid breast;

* The four lines with asterisks, were sent on speculation o the 7th October.

*And there the kindred efforts of the North
*In native Borealis now shine forth.
(O would the spirit of Minerva rise,
To save the fruits which Mars would realise!)
Yet human pride must ever bear alloy,
And Melancholy still enhances Joy:
So, now reclining on the honour'd bier,
For those who died for us she sheds her tear.
But let not gen'ral exultation sway,
From her immediate theme, the Muse away.
"This fierce abridgment branches hath in which,"
To quote our Bard, "distinction would be rich."
Alas! how suddenly *this* mimic world,
By blasting fire, was from existence hurl'd.
Taste deeply mourn'd the visitating rage,
Which fell with twofold fury on the Stage.
As yet her ashes smok'd, our rival rose,
(And proud in her prosperity now glows);
Whilst hopeless Drury, in her ruins lay by,
Still honour'd with the scientific sigh:
Now liberality, with taste combines,
And she, in renovated splendour, shines!
Ye who enjoy'd her on the dreadful eve,
How hard the waking sense to undeceive!
Thought quick o'erleaps the period between,
In which her desert site was only seen;
Survey her now with contemplative eyes,
And something more than magic will arise.
What mind may such a *tout ensemble* scan,
And not descry the Being who gave to man
The talent to conceive and organise the plan!

[*Here the Corps Dramatique come on the Stage.*]
What now remains? This imitative race
Your presence hails, and would bespeak your grace.
Their part outswells the scope of an Address;
But let performance their deserts confess.
No doubt that Drury, with direction chaste,
Again will regulate Theatric taste.
And now our bounds with grateful fervor ring,
Whilst loyal bosoms heave, "God save the King!"

Stockwell, Surrey, Oct. 14.

ADDRESS,

BY ICARIUS.

METHINKS some voice in wond'ring accents cries,
" Is this the grave where former Drury lies?
" This pile at once become her heir and tomb,
" To fill her station and record her doom?"—
Yes, it is so—this classic haunt, where late
Destruction rag'd, now seeks a happier fate:
From Ruin's massive pressure boldly springs,
And bursts to view on Art's aspiring wings.
Thalia! bring thy Tragic Sister here;
And thou, Apollo! be for ever near;
Aid, ev'ry Muse, whose various work we find
To charm the eye, or captivate the mind.
Here, Nature, let the smile or tear prevail,
That marks the varying passion of each tale;
Swift to the heart the well-aim'd moral bear,
And fix the barbed shafts of Virtue there;
Or, when Instruction shuns wide Fiction's stream,
And Wit or Humour form some whim-wove dream,
Let loose loud Mirth to chase the clouds of Care,
Till laughing thunders shake the echoing air;
And, breaking forth, the Sun of Joy gleams bright
From sparkling eyes that share the genial light.
Blest be each aim to soothe the ills of life,
And humanize, amidst this age of strife!

An age where War in giant-form appears,
And stalks destructive o'er the toil of years,
While wet the path with robb'd Affection's tears.
Oh! curs'd his heart, which (shut to ev'ry charm,
That Peace presents to stay the death-rais'd arm)
Swells but to spread immeasurably wide
The blood-ting'd torrent of Ambition's tide.
But see—Britannia, 'midst the woe-fraught wave,
E'en at her life's risk, Liberty would save,
And give the half-lost blessing to the brave.
Her Prince—from whom the gen'rous feeling flows;
The Chief—her pride, and terror of her foes;
Her Sons—whose deeds of glory oft have prov'd
How Valour by our country's love is mov'd;—
Each shares the meed applauding Virtue gives,
That Pity still is here, and Courage lives!
We, who from desolating flames have fled,
By duty prompted, have essayed to tread
Where'er protecting influence was shed:
But, as the voy'ger cast on foreign shores,
Sighs for the home his steady heart adores,
So foster'd fondness anxious Hope begot,
And kept us ling'ring round the Scenic spot.
Yes, like Iberia's Sons, *we've* felt a foe;
Like them, on Britons' aid repose each woe:
May they, like us restor'd, triumphant show
That energetic Wisdom is the spring
Whence fainting Hope refreshing draughts should bring;
And drinking deep, renew her toilsome way,
Till smiling Fortune shall each task repay.

ADDRESS,

BY J. H. C.

ALL hail! the day that yields such brilliant sights,
The gorg'ous prescience of our future nights,
To us more grateful than the perfum'd rose,
Or blooming sweets delighting meads disclose,
Or verdant vale, or well-cloth'd woodlands rise,
Or the ethereal splendor of the skies;
No scene like this, the thrilling joy extends,
No pleasure equals our's—we meet our friends.
Your kind approving smiles we joyous greet,
They bid us to the rich ambrosial treat,
They place the vase of Sanction by our side,
Our goblets sparkle with the nect'rine tide:
Delighting joys! supplies of thought so vast,
To glad the present, and efface the past,
For grief subdued, in soft reflections flow,
And anguish thaws beneath the soothing glow.
No more may awful glooms destructive rise,
To tinge with dread magnificence the skies:
Ne'er may tremendous flames, in wild affright,
Awake the horrors of that direful night.
As when the elements in vengeful crash,
Fierce roaring hurls the bolt, in vivid flash
Full on the scudding ship, a ruthless blast
Curls round the tackle, and entwines the mast,

Snaps the stout stays, and flinging flames around,
The bursting decks involve, the guns rebound,
The surges lash the blazing hull in vain,
And fire triumphant braves the boiling main;
The rich fraught cargo's wild, exploding tost,
And in the black'ning gulph of ruin lost.
In fragile barks the crew, depriv'd of all,
Wide o'er the watry waste, oppose the squall,
'Till on a friendly shore their hopes arise—
A fresh built vessel, and more fav'ring skies;
A smiling morn succeeds the frowning night,
The peaceful sea reflects a soft delight;
Beneath, the gliding Nereids sporting lave,
And Zephyrs gently press the dancing wave.
Recall'd to life, and merit's sure reward,
O'erjoy'd, the crew uprais'd the swinging yard;
Congenial breezes spring, the deep they brave,
Their sails are full, their graceful ensigns wave.
That gallant ship is here,—and we the Crew—
The friendly coast, and prosp'rous gales, are you.
With ardour o'er the world our keel shall roam,
And bear for you, the brightest treasure home;
Where'er our prow shall track the Drama's seas,
Our polar star shall blaze, the wish to please;
And should a new-found land attract our sight,
As wide we plough the regions of delight,
Here shall the produce of the coast be shown;
We navigate for you—the risk our own;
And tho' our hopes are high, the bulk to store,
With pearls and diamonds from each sparkling shore,

Enraptur'd oft we'll touch on Avon's coast,
Melpomene's delight, and Thalia's boast,
Lur'd by the jewels, which effulgent glare,
The grand and unexhausted mine is there.
Propitious pow'rs! our helm instructing steer,
Nor Sylla touch, nor sail Charybdis near;
Let Sirens' charms, nor Circe's arts detain
Our course to Ithaca—your Drury-Lane.
Here as the ardent Muse shall touch the lyre,
With heart responsive to the trembling wire,
Aw'd by the Drama's Laws alone, her art
Shall exercise the empire o'er the heart;
Here let her sorrows raise heart-piercing woe,
Or laughing bid the tear of pleasure flow:
Here be exertions with approval deck'd,
And here be gratitude, and deep respect.

ADDRESS,

Sent to the Drury-Lane Committee.

BY WILLIAM WASTELL, ESQ.

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
"Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

WHEN low'ring clouds proclaim along the shore
The storm's approach; when dreadful thunders roar,
And the quick lightning darts destroying pow'r
To crush the hopes of years, in one short hour;
When the rude blast, invisible as death,
Dismay and horror carries in its breath;
When jarring elements with force are hurl'd,
To spread destruction on this lower world;
Where shall the wretched fly? Ah! where is found
A safe retreat from dangers that surround?
Where (unprotected) shall they seek for aid,
Bereft of fortune, and with fear dismay'd?
The mansion heretofore their fond delight,
Presents a heap of ruins to the sight;
And by the merc'less fury of the blast,
To earth a wreck, a dreadful wreck, is cast!
Is there no aid the sufferer's heart to cheer?
No friendly hand to wipe the falling tear?
Is there no breast whose sympathizing care
Will rescue the sad victim from despair?

Shall not one gleam of sunshine lend a ray,
And bid them Hope's calm mandate still obey?
Yes, the returning calm dispels their grief,
Softens each woe, and yields a quick relief.
With envied pow'r—how much more envied still
In doing good, when strengthen'd with the will!
Friends, neighbours, all, united firmly stand
To raise misfortune with a lib'ral hand.
The mansion once more rising to the view,
Each friendly aid in actions quickly shew;
And when the sun shall gild again the skies,
Fair Hope revives, and wrinkled Sorrow dies.

Thus, *we* the victims, *you* the friends are found;
For when the blazing horror spread around,
When merc'less Fate had all our hopes bereav'd,
Our minds you sooth'd, our pressing wants reliev'd;
And, like brave vet'rans in a noble cause,
Led on by him, who look'd not for applause;
But boldly aiming for our corp'rate good,
Regarding not exertion, forward stood
With persevering efforts, to give birth
And raise *Old Drury* from the smoking earth:
Restore once more that venerable Stage
Where GARRICK trod, and charm'd th' admiring age,
And (with your aid united) soon appear'd
This Fabric, which from ashes hath been rear'd—
Rising more bright and perfect than the last,
The dreadful fiery ordeal having past.
Long may it stand—e'en till old Time's decay
Shall moulder it with constant hand away;

Long may it stand—a monument to shew
The debt of gratitude that's due to *you;*
And *we,* in playing well our future parts,
Will prove the debt's grav'd deep within our hearts:
For when the Tragic Muse, with troubl'd soul,
Uplifts the dagger or the poison'd bowl;
Or when misfortunes shall the bosom melt,
True we'll pourtray what keenly we have felt:
Our hearts your kindness ever must confess;
We owe ye more than lips can e'er express.
Each future action shall by this appear,
Patrons and friends, to us for ever dear,
We bid ye now a hearty welcome *here!*

MONOLOGUE,

BY JOHN GORTON.

[*Character*,—Time.]

YOU see old Time, his scythe, his hour-glass too;
And here I see is work for me to do.
Late on this site the desolating flame,
Whose ravages no human pow'r could tame,
Usurp'd my place, and swallow'd in an hour
What ages would require me to devour.
But to your kindness am I still in debt,
Nor will you slight your old acquaintance yet;
For scarce does my Antagonist prevail,
Ere thro' your means I reap another meal;
And be to you all due submission shown,
I hope this now will only be my own.
Thus shall I have the pleasure to survey
Some future Bard here, at some distant day,
Great WELLINGTON'S heroic deeds pourtray;
And his with HENRY'S and with MARLBOROUGH'S name
Alike conjoin'd, and sanctified to Fame.
Then on these very boards, my friends, when you
And yours, the debt have paid to Nature due,
Sweet Poesy, with ecstasy, shall tell
How Britons dauntless fought, and Frenchmen fell;
And Salamanca's tale shall never die,
But still with Agincourt's and Cressy's vie.

Already here, these ears have very long
Been charm'd with deathless SHAKSPEARE'S matchless
song,
That will, as sure as Beauty can engage,
Ne'er fail to captivate thro' ev'ry age.
Here still shall *Hamlet*'s filial grief be shown;
And bold *Othello*'s jealous frenzy known;
Madness shall *Lear*'s bewilder'd soul o'erthrow,
While sad he ponders o'er his book of woe;
The tyrant *Richard* still distress'd shall rave;
Blood-stain'd *Macbeth* shall wish himself a slave:
Here tales of hapless love shall yet be told,
And clay-cold Death th' unhappy pair enfold.
Now, Britons, e'er I offer you adieu,
I dedicate this Edifice to you,
Together with this pray'r—" All gracious Heav'n!
" To Britain be thy choicest blessings giv'n,
" Restore her Monarch, if it be thy will—
" Extend thy succour to her Regent still;
" May Wealth and Commerce ne'er desert her shore
" Till Time himself—Old Time—shall be no more."

THE following Address was written under the impression, that the only circumstance, of particular interest, attending the opening of the Theatre, was the meeting of the Performers and the Public, on their old and favourite spot, after so long a separation; and this naturally led to some reflections on the heightened enjoyment which privations frequently occasion. Much poetical study seemed not only not called for, but, inimical to feelings which should prevail on such an occasion.

ADDRESS,

Sent to the Committee, Sept. 16, 1812.

BY J. N. R.

[*The Speaker to advance eagerly, and begin without any formal pause.*]

WELCOME! thrice welcome! generous friends, once more!
At length our bark has reach'd the wish'd-for shore.
After an absence of such length and pain,
How pure the joy to meet you *here* again!
Our liberal Patrons! for whose smiles we strive,
And in whose favor we, alone, can live.
But 'tis the lot of man, through troubles tost,
To think no pleasure *perfect* till 'tis lost.
When fretful Luxury, in languid state,
Beheld the pining Beggar at her gate,

Urging sharp hunger's craving—" Why," cried she,
" I'd give a thousand pounds to have that plea!"
Would you the air's delicious freshness meet?—
First pass a week or two in *Watling-street*.
Or view refinement, in it's best array?—
Just take a peep at *Smithfield*, by the way.
E'en the kind glance from Beauty's eye, receives
Fresh power to bless from the first frown that grieves:
Still shall the fear dispell'd, more rapture prove
Than all the dear delirium of love.

A drowning man, in vain, had strain'd his throat;—
" Stay," said his *Friend*—" would'st have me spoil my coat?"—
Just then, when, hopeless, thinking of his end,
His dog plung'd in, and prov'd indeed a friend.
Rescued, he feels, with life's returning store,
Sensations of delight unknown before.

What ev'ry day we see, we little prize,
'Tis the bright Comet that attracts our eyes:
To France 'twere more than all her Crowns bestow,
To snatch one leaf from conqu'ring England's brow!
Since, to our feelings, these are Nature's laws,
How shall we value your renew'd applause!
May ev'ry bosom, then, from transient woe,
Beat with new joys; with higher transport glow!

ADDRESS,

BY J. G.

[*Prompter rings—calls Mr.* Bannister *twice—Answers,* Coming, coming!—*Proposed to have the whole Company on the Stage, dress'd in Character.*]

" To catch the manners living as they rise,"
Behold JACK BANNISTER without disguise:
" To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,"
Where words are wanting, leave it to his heart.
From town to town no longer doom'd to roam,
That grateful heart now feels itself at home.
Though long o'erwhelm'd by one disastrous shock,
Poor Drury rises, from a public stock;
From coy neglect and private end set free,
Boasts what you love—a taste for Liberty;
And proud that boast to every nation known,
No language living guards it but our own—
That language which, in every rank through Spain,
Your SHERIDAN invoked to liberty again;
Nor vain the purpose to inspire the brave,
When Glory lends a WELLINGTON to save
From tyrant grasp, a land ignobly won,
Where blood-stain'd eagles mark their setting sun.
Patient I heard from honest Sam, your friend,
A dull report to which you'll ne'er attend—

How! in nine months (he cry'd) bring forth this noble
House?
My pregnant cat (said I) brought forth a little mouse.
I fairly laugh'd to see his serious face,
And wish'd he'd manage in another place.
If chaste and simply neat without, we shew
No borrow'd emblems of dramatic woe;
Nor trace, like common chalkers, on a wall,
How states or stages have their rise and fall;
Within, the prosp'rous tide of glorious war
Shall lead to Peace, and hail her dove-led Car;
Here, if we shew not Elephants nor Goats,
But wear clean shirts, and scorn to turn our coats;
There, if, ye Gods, we place implicit trust,
Because we know you never are unjust:
Yet brighter objects claim our special care,
We're past redemption gone without the Fair.
And you, arrang'd for judgment, in the Pit,
The stern, determin'd arbiters of wit;
Those faces teach me on the middle row,
Your plaudits' sure—what say you—Aye, or No!
The Ayes have it—you're always in the right;
At least I'll swear you must be so to-night.
But there's Tom Hawser come to take a trip;
I say, friend Tom—Well, how d'ye like the ship?
A brave first-rate, launch'd off in gallant style—
Timbers all tight—The Nelson of the Nile;
Like our old Master, "never bought or sold;"
Firm as a rock, and pure as virgin gold:

Now cabin, port-holes, decks, and all complete;
The ship well form'd to grace a British fleet.
Should but an enemy appear in view,
England expects what every hand will do;
Give but the word, the shout shall be, "All! all!"
And every British heart will join the call.
Thus stands our case—a case you'll make your own,
Whenever call'd to rally round the Throne.

Berkeley Street.

ADDRESS,

Submitted, Sept. 1812, to the Drury-Lane Committee.

BY DAVID HUSTON.

O EVER welcome to this stately dome,
(Which ne'er may fire, insidious fire, consume!)
Ye gracious friends and followers of distress,
Ye Patrons ready—ye who love to bless!
Who, while you gather what the Muse supplies,
And lift our glad or softly-streaming eyes,
Have still the secret, the supporting aim,
To soothe Dejection and reward fair Fame:
Through Pleasure's walks, as Pleasure ye pursue,
Still keeping that sure-pointed path in view
That Virtue's footsteps trac'd, through meads of glittering dew!
Impatient to declare our thanks, our zeal,
(For men, tho' often feigning, are not steel)
Now speak we anxious lest the measur'd line
That Custom asks—the words of calm Design—
Convey not that fond Gratitude imparts,
Unbosoms not our very "heart of hearts."
As some volcano, bursting from the ground,
Sheds instant ruin and despair around,
Deforms and blackens all the goodly scene
Where Gladness reign'd, and Taste, perhaps, had been;

Lays waste the Peasant's hope—his rip'ning field,
Where Nature's gifts lay bounteously reveal'd;
Destroys the means unwearied toil supplied,
Destroys his succour and his utmost pride:—
So did rapacious flame these limits seize,
Where we "who please to live," do "live to please;"
So quickly chang'd to sordid ashes lay
Our hopes, and Horror shouted o'er his prey!
But why enlarge upon the troublous past?
Are YOU not *here?*—you, who have never cast
Misfortune's well-asserted claim aside,
Nor fair-earn'd approbation e'er denied:
Are you not now assembled to declare
How much the Drama's cause employs your care?
With almost super-human effort rear'd,
How much our house reviv'd to you endear'd?
And shall we then, in British hands, repine—
Hands that reward and bid our merits shine?
Forbid it all that Hope, that Pride conveys,
That Decency suggests, that Honour says!
—Again fam'd Drury lifts her front serene,
Again adorns with costly care the scene,
Boasts her new fabric fair, of good design,
And *safe*—that Terror's self might there recline;
Asserts her ancient privilege and power,
To rule, with classic rage, the evening hour,
Or, rendering Folly up to droll Disdain,
Cheer the slow, weary months of Winter's darksome reign.
Confirm'd those rights,—in every point secure,
Lo! she expands to eager friends the door;

With joy and greeting welcomes every guest,
And spreads refreshment of the choicest zest;
Deems each approving smile a trophy won,
But (knowing all without were idly done)
Calls wandering *Talent* to uphold her name,
And leaves the rest—to Heaven, and your acclaim!

ADDRESS,

BY H. C. MOIR.

WHEN Grecian fury doom'd proud Troy to blaze,
Their slaughter'd heroes' manes to appease,
Th' assembled Chieftains of the different States
Applied their firebrands to its city gates;
Where, gath'ring vigour from the ruthless storm,
The flames uniting in a spiral form,
For ruin eager, leave their parent fires,
Ascend the wall, and climb the lofty spires;
Nor ceas'd their fury, till Troy's sad remains
In smoking ruins press'd Scamander's plains:—
So our late Theatre was wrapp'd in flame,
The cause tho' different, the effect the same.
The sun, retiring, its last rays had shed
Upon the statue of Apollo's head;
Night clos'd the scene—when from the building broke
A frightful flame, involv'd in clouds of smoke;
Awhile it paus'd, then bent its course on high,
And ting'd with scarlet the expanded sky,
Whose hue reflected on Thames' bosom lay,
And roll'd like Etna's lava to the sea.
From East and West its splendid radiance drew
Admiring crowds the awful sight to view;
Awful, yet grand—beheld with pale affright
Its lustre chase the dismal gloom of night;

(The timid mariner thus eyes the storm
In ebon clouds the front of Heav'n deform).
While some to check its fury strove in vain—
No human efforts could its pow'r restrain;
Ill-vested pow'r, which, with a tyrant sway,
Destroy'd the fabric it had made its prey!
For, when returning Sol his beams shot round,
Apollo's Temple prostrate strew'd the ground;
And Chaos reign'd—till, with a willing hand,
Some Patriots rose and clear'd th' encumber'd land;
Then, Phœnix-like, upsoar'd this lofty pile,
A stately vessel of Britannia's Isle;
Well-rigg'd, well-stor'd, and with a Crew that's brave,
Once more they launch a *Drury* on the wave—
Once more inform ye, from a first-rate Stage,
How much they'll strive attention to engage:
How from the Tragic and the Comic Muse,
To please the Town, by turns they'll pick and choose;
In Nature's garb immortal SHAKSPEARE dress,
And, faults discov'ring, labour to redress;
Try comic humour, to excite the roar
Of approbation they have met before;
Or, if to buskin'd hero they resort,
To draw attendance at *Melpom'ne*'s court,
With mimic pity to extort a sigh,
Or drain the pearly drop from beauty's eye;
'Twill be their care and their ambition still
To do their best the sev'ral parts to fill;
'Tis due to those I've now within my view,
Britannia's Sons and her fair Daughters too;

Britons, the first to conquer and to save,
Who Drury snatch'd from an untimely grave;
Our gratitude for which is best exprest,
When utt'rance fails, by pointing to the breast—
To conqu'ring Britons—can we pass those by,
Without the tribute of a parting sigh,
Who rear'd this Constitution o'er our heads,
And for it sunk upon their gory beds?
Ah no! 'tis granted, that in days of yore
They fought and conquer'd on the Gallic shore;
And British courage was their last bequest
To us, who still retain it in our breast;
Our foes, though griev'd, must own it from their soul,
Our triumphs o'er them reach from pole to pole:
Ask fruitful Nile, if Britain's warlike bands
Strew'd not their foes on Egypt's burning sands?
When not a ray of friendly light shot forth,
Save from the gleaming of the cannon's mouth!
Ask Java's sons, who realiz'd alarms?
Ask Quebec's Plains, who felt our conqu'ring arms?
Or, where Hispania's lovely vales are seen,
Ask silver Douro, who beheld the scene
Where yet the thunder of our cannon roars,
And echoes round the vast Atlantic shores?
While Heroes such as these we yet can boast,
What foe will dare to tread upon our coast?
Where Learning, Arts, and Sciences divine,
Prove us the fav'rites of the Sacred Nine.
Fair Daughters of the Sun, Oh! hear our pray'r,
And make this Temple your peculiar care;

Here wake to ecstasy with tuneful lyre,
And from rememb'rance blot the fatal fire.
Let other subjects here our time employ
Than deeds of slaughter or ill-fated Troy,
For here no evils (such as those) we dread,
No towns are sack'd, or devastation spread;
Nor daring guns assail th' astonish'd ear;
None draw the sword but mimic tyrants here;
Not rul'd by Draco's, but by Solon's laws,
We feel no dread but lack of your applause;
For adverse fortune often lurks behind
The expectations of an ardent mind.
Ah! think how sad must be the Actor's days,
Whose utmost efforts are in vain to please;
Who, tho' deserving, can't command success
In public taste, from which there's no redress.
  But as a Drury once more rears its head,
And flatt'ring prospects on our toils are shed,
Oh! may we long enjoy the pleasing sight
We now behold, on this our *premier* night,
When Boxes, Pit, and Galleries are seen
With Beauties rivalling the Paphian Queen,
Whose smiles despondence from the brow can chase,
And make our fears to cheering hopes give place.

ADDRESS.

[*The Performers on the Stage.*]

BRITONS, all hail! behold you have again
Your friends before you, ris'n as from the flame:
With joy unfeign'd our best of friends we greet;
Tho' absent long, with pleasure now we meet:
Our minds we'll ever you to please employ,
And feel elated when we give you joy.

We come once more, to shew you scenes of old
Your fathers long admir'd, and to unfold
The days of ancient times before your view:
When you compare them with the manners now,
With charity their actions you will judge,
As you were wont, with tenderness and love.

The modern manners you shall often see
Held up before you, as in *speculi*,
That you the good may follow, bad condemn;
Still sparing others' feelings where we can.
But some may think, perhaps, it will be best
To let the faults of others quietly rest.

To them we say, as in this happy land
Triumphant freedom walks, when nations round
Are bending to a tyrant's vile caprice,
We ought the country's virtues to increase;
Its youth direct in honour's path to run,
Our virtues emulate, and vices shun.

Our next attempt shall be, to raise the Stage
To its just level, since 'tis so debas'd,

That Brutes in place of Men are often put,
Without your potent voice should turn them out.
  But lest our boasting should your patience move,
We shall proceed to show what were our views
In rearing thus our SHAKSPEARE'S Hall again—
To give you ease was one great point to gain;
Our object next, that you should see and hear;
These ends, when gain'd, to please we do not fear.
  Before we finish this our first address,
Pardon the anxious feelings we express,
That Drury long may rank in your esteem,
Its heroes rival those who once have been:
Those are the truest feelings of our souls,
Commending now ourselves to you and yours.

C.

ADDRESS,

BY GEORGE TERRY.

Now Phœnix-like, New Drury rears her head,
Still lur'd by Hope, and by your friendship led;
All obstacles she brav'd, with this in view;
All yielded to the magic dwells with you:
Your gen'rous favor long we've grateful prov'd;
That object still, our ev'ry effort mov'd.
This pile again, with anxious haste to rear,
And all our pow'rs exert, to draw you here.
The Drama aims instruction to convey,
The mind t'improve the most impressive way;
The noblest sentiments, and thoughts refin'd,
Enrich her works, to benefit mankind.
Virtue in brightest form, we here discern,
And here the sad effects of Vice we learn:
Hence warn'd, we shun the tempting fiend's disguise;
The friends of Virtue will the Drama prize:
Melpomene again her pow'rs would try,
To touch the heart, and raise the tender sigh;
To elevate the soul to acts divine,
That man in dignity, a god may shine.
Thalia, laughing maid, to win your praise,
Your hearts would tickle still a thousand ways;
Would paint the living modes in merry strain,
And Folly's whims expose in comic vein.

Our Buskin'd Corps, with zeal and ardour fir'd,
By duty led, by gratitude inspir'd;
Pleas'd with their hopes, forget their late mishap,
And drown misfortunes in your hearty clap.
Our Heroines too, still pant for your applause;
Your smiles, or frowns, are our dramatic laws.
To your decision, happy we submit,
And bow to Boxes, Galleries, and Pit.
And as our House, renew'd, now meets your eye,
Some Tragic Queen may SIDDONS' place supply;
Cheer'd by such friends, may all her pow'rs combine,
And in Time's progress, like the former shine.
Scenes, Decorations, Music, all are new—
Our taste, and judgment, we submit to you.
To candour still, we lend a grateful ear,
Advice impartial, ever pleas'd to hear.
Let no alarm while here, your minds invade;
All is secure, and for your safety made;
The whole combin'd your persons to protect;
Then weak and idle fears we pray reject:
Engines and reservoirs are all at hand—
Here Watchmen take their rounds—there others stand.
New Drury wou'd revive the old one's fame,
Still emulous glows her Thespian flame;
Her highest recompense, she longs to trace
Her best reward in each approving face;
As Poets long for fame, with keen desire,
We long for plaudits loud, when we retire.

Everet-street, Russell-square.

ADDRESS,

BY SAMUEL LOCK FRANCIS.

BARDS ask but honest fame to stimulate;
Nature their guide,—their balm the milk of fate;
Aspiring Truth enrapts the Poet's voice,
Hails Vice, and Virtue his enamour'd choice;
Vice moves his pity, Virtue warms his wit,
Simplicity prescribes the numbers fit:
As in yon grove responds some hapless swain,
The lyric sooths his elegiac pain;
But rous'd to arms, each gallant enterprise
Exalts the verse, and epic bards arise:
So Homer's genius soar'd:—then gleaming saw
The Oracle of Poetry and Law;—
Taught bards to contemplate the human heart,
And sing what native principles impart:
But when "Achilles' wrath" *crimson'd* the plains,
He sung of heroes in heroic strains:
Succeeding bards respir'd the godly flame,
And kings, enlighten'd, hymn'd great Homer's fame.
Whence Thespis gloriously contriv'd a plan,
Where Actors buffoon'd Tragedy and Man:
All rude, uncultivated, vulgar, mean,
His stage a cart, and dialogue obscene.—
Æschylus born but to improve the whole,—
Beheld, with pain, his mimic, punster, droll,

Haply for us;—for his indignant rage
Fram'd the dramatic law and moral stage!
  Next Sophocles and Euripides pourtray'd
The solace Virtue caus'd, and Vice dismay'd:
Hence Tragedy, with deadly cup and dart,
Majestic brav'd, and pierc'd the tyrant heart;
Whilst Honour, Faith, Humanity, and Love,
Found pure reward, was in implicit Jove.
  Now Aristophanes' perceptive brain,
Establish'd Comedy, and stampt her fame.
Menander next, with sentiment refin'd,
Beam'd forth her mirror, and expos'd the mind;
Each secret impulse innate idea brought,
All undisguis'd, disclos'd each latent thought.
Terence, at length, with dignity inspir'd,
Embellish'd passion, and his hearers fir'd.
Loquacious wits reprov'd with gentle ease,
And who had long offended charm'd to please;
Obdurate bosoms felt his brilliant sense,
And, who were dumb before, learn'd eloquence:
So Thalia flourish'd with imperial sway—
Whilst Satire lash'd the folly of the day.
  Rome grown the seat of ev'ry polish'd art,
Renown'd Minerva's universal mart;
For Greece and Athens felt unerring fate;
Their poets fled, and cleav'd the Roman state:
Hence bards their patrons, or their heroes sung,
And in each youth, their emulation rung:
So, when their legions landed on our shore,
Their spirit spread, and Albion breath'd its lore.

Each hamlet had its bard; each chief his lay;
Champions and minstrels grac'd the festive day.
So thriv'd our bards till Chaucer's pilgrimage,
And Spenser's Fairy Queen surviv'd the age.
Next wrote two Britons in one golden sheet,
Beaumont and Fletcher, twinn'd poètic sweet;
With just applause, a penetrating youth,
Transcends them all,—SHAKSPEARE, the gem of truth!
In him the poet and the sage combine,
He trench'd through man, and sprung the soul's deep mine.
His fancy oft exhausted heaven,—earth,—
Thought yielded words, and rhetoric his mirth!—
No lurking motive from his eye conceal'd,
At midnight prowl'd 'neath infurated shield;
No proud conceit, nor vain affected air,
No wealthy promise undermin'd his care:
Escap'd no purpose, nor no fault'ring smile;
He sung and pencill'd Nature all the while:—
To shape life's image and embody speech;
His pithy Hamlet and Prospero teach:
To guard such laws, as mutually endear
Subjects to kings, and kings to be sincere;
Throned in rectitude's concordant line,
That men may prove divining and divine.—
But, faint my praise,—the universe entwin'd
A wreath, but could not compass SHAKSPEARE'S mind!
Next classic Ben, facetious Thalia loved;
Then Milton's Sampson Melpomene moved;
Whilst he sublimely tower'd in her theme,
Comus reviv'd the Bacchanalian scene;

As he conceiv'd, his mind's prolific womb—
Engender'd bodies and presag'd their doom.
  Otway—commiserate misfortune's child;
Monimia weeps—but he dies frantic wild!
Pathetic bard,—we hold thy mem'ry dear—
We sigh with Jaffier—shed the grateful tear!
Whilst Lee's bold genius wafts through reason's bound,
His Alexander conquers us with sound!
Dryden, the Jubal of that matchless day,
Invok'd Cecilia;—heaven attun'd the lay.
  Next Farquhar's Stratagem attracts the sight,
We glean and strengthen wisdom in delight:
Then Rowe's Fair Penitent, and Cato's fate,
Show trial cannot sink the mind that's great.
And, hark! mild Congreve strings the musing lyre,
Whilst Steele enlivening sports away desire.
All renovated list to happy Gay—
He sings—enchants connivance quite away—
Mutating life! see Banks and Lillo draw,
Scenes that afflict; whilst Thomson gains eclat;
But, O! if ever friendship clings the heart,
'Tis when Orestes and Pylades part.
But come, gay Cibber's livelier strains invite,
And Handel deigns to melodise the night.
Hark, he awakens mortals from the dust,
Gives animation to the lifeless bust;
Redemption, Resurrection, mattin fears;
His lyre the joy and music of the spheres.
Enormous horror slinks behind the scene,
Zanga's Revenge—or is it I who dream?

'Tis Garrick comes, grasp'd by the Tragic Muse,
Gay Thalia fascinates—he breaks aloose,
Contending for the prize--their son essay'd—
Foote urg'd his parts—they both alternate play'd;
Their action, emanating from the soul—
To cull each beauty—and unite the whole.
Goldsmith and Kelly, and that vet'ran bard,
Meek Cumberland, who rivetted regard;
Whitehead, Murphy, Keeffe, Holcroft beside,
Tobin—whose laurels budded as he died;
Tobin whose Honey-moon and Curfew Bell
Pictur'd our life,—whilst silence dirg'd his knell;
Yet sigh not, Muse, from his fond relic turn,
Colman and Sheridan inscribe his urn,
The Shakspeare and the Farquhar of our days--
Unrivall'd bards—who wear the Muse's bays!
Reynolds, Dibdin, Morton, who sung of late:
Arnold, whose strains divert and elevate.
  Elated Gratitude exults on high,
To eulogise their patrons to the sky,
Who rais'd this Theatre with patriot fire,
That bards may once more string Apollo's lyre,
" To shew the age and body of the time;
Its form and pressure,"—British taste refine :—
For this, ennobled statesmen, now restore
This structure, Bedford, Holland, Whitbread, Moore;
Generous band!—in grateful concert rise—
Vibrate the current plaudit to the skies!
And, O! till grace may breathe the fleeting soul—
Recount their bounty, and this night enroll.

ADDRESS,

BY F. T.

THO' when the Grecian sages rear'd the Stage,
When Roman wits adorn'd a later age,
No British Bard inspir'd with kindred fire,
Had wak'd to such bold strains the classic lyre:
Who but must own 'twas Britain's glorious doom,
At length to snatch the palm from Greece and Rome?
Thus SHAKSPEARE soar'd! whose genius uncontroul'd,
Could Nature's deepest labyrinths unfold;
Who, richly fraught with energies sublime,
Burst o'er the awful bounds of space and time;
And calling into being forms unknown,
Stamp'd them with thoughts and manners all his own;
While so resistless was the daring plan,
At once it charm'd the heart—reform'd the man.
Nor soar'd he singly! for with dazzling force,
Tho' less triumphant in their splendid course,
In league with him appear'd a mighty band,
Whose every touch display'd a master's hand:
Whether they studied chastely to impart,
The voice of Nature, by the rules of Art,
Or Fancy led, disdainful of controul,
With native Freedom fir'd the list'ning soul.
But wherefore proudly boast these Sons of Fame,
Unless more strong to mark the growing shame

Which Truth proclaims aloud the Stage has known,
Since thus she rear'd this most exalted throne?
Yes! now her glorious empire o'er the breast,
By swift degrees was fatally deprest:
No more did Genius with resistless might,
Thrill ev'ry nerve, and ev'ry heart delight:
While each poetic strain was strictly fraught,
With feebler numbers, as with feebler thought;
Yet still some remnant of her pow'r remain'd,
Nor scorn'd by Fancy, nor by Art disdain'd:
When Vice seduc'd it to her baneful cause,
And Virtue blush'd, while Folly gave applause.
At this Refinement rous'd with all her train,
Nor were their pow'rful efforts made in vain:
But while the hydra Vice confess'd her sway,
Both Sense and Nature were refin'd away:
And tuneful Nonsense, and bombastic Rage,
And sickly Sentiment usurp'd the Stage;
And Song, and Dance, and Spectacle arose,
The direst Enemies the Drama knows.
Thus speaks great SHAKSPEARE's Shade! indignant speaks!
And at your hands a reformation seeks!
Britons attend! and at his awful voice,
Arouse your judgment, and refine your choice;
Since right or wrong the dictates you fulfil,
'Tis ours to bend before the public will.
Oh! as where late 'midst wav'ring flames appear'd,
The splendid columns to Apollo rear'd:
By chaste-eyed Zeal again is rais'd to view,
A Temple which we trust is worthy you;

So, on the Stage your guardian care bestow,
And banish empty Sound, and useless Show:
Ne'er be it more the price of your support,
To change Apollo's realm to Folly's court:
No! proudly grateful for your just applause,
Sacred to Genius, and to Virtue's cause,
Here let the Muse regain her lov'd controul,
And strongly paint the story of the soul:
While awful Energy, and Satire keen,
By turns inspire and dignify the scene,
And all her varied strains some purpose move,
Such as unerring Wisdom must approve.
Thus let the Stage attain the end design'd,
And form a School of Morals for Mankind;
Thus rise the champion of bright Freedom's cause,
The dread support of Order's sacred laws:
The bane of Folly, and the scourge of Crimes,
The Pride and Wonder of succeeding times.

ADDRESS,

BY T. J.

WHEN conqu'ring Greece, in generous triumph saw,
Her sons unbending with the toils of war;
She bade a milder Art their pow'rs engage;
And made the study of mankind the rage:
'Twas hence the Drama rose—and straight began
To melt th' unyielding hero into man!
The soft'ning bosom such obedience kept,
He lov'd and scorn'd by turns; and rag'd and wept;
Each blow he envied, while he felt the smart,
And less a Victor was in arms, than heart.
'Tis ours at length, to share what they possest,
What passion reigns not in a British breast?
The noblest deeds has modern valor wrought!
The noblest virtues have our Sages taught!
The woes that Grecians *sigh'd*, in *tears* we meet,
From them we copy, only to complete!
To their own age, their views did fate confine,
Half was unacted on the Stage of Time;
Life's earliest scenes, belong our later birth,
And British hearts be warm'd with Attic worth.
Say, if such warmth ye felt not, to behold
This ample Structure rise upon the old!
While neatly elegant, and boldly plain,
'Twas your convenience that we strove to gain;

To give the new-rais'd pile a finish'd grace,
You, but were wanting, to complete the place.—
Let those attend, a juster line to draw,
Who strangely censure what they never saw;
The kind report you bear,—should it invite 'em;
We'll do indeed our utmost to delight 'em;—
Let it be said, " We've never witness'd yet
Such well-fill'd Boxes, and a crowded Pit;"—
Your frequent visits will a praise bestow,
And in such culture, emulation grow;
Beneath your smiles shall tow'ring genius shine,
And new-born virtues follow in the line;
Then, here the Muses might consent to reign,
And from Parnassus move to Drury-Lane.
If in the end, it should perchance appear
That we are worthy of a British ear,
Choose what is native then;—refuse to sit
To borrow'd Folly, or exotic Wit!—
Who think with these, your favor to engage,
Sure, most egregiously mistake the age:
Display to-night the feelings ye possess;—
Be what yourselves admire,—and we profess;—
Whate'er has merit, show you do approve;—
(Such long-lov'd labours cannot fail to move,)
If you're amus'd, then let your smiles reward us;
We best can please ye, when ye most applaud us.

ADDRESS,

BY BAVIUS.

ERE classic Carthage saw her glories wane
In one red ruin, one unhoused plain;
Ere stern Calamity's unerring hand
Had nam'd her *Nothing*, or a dying brand;
And in an hour, eras'd from Nature's page
The sumless records of her Golden Age;
Her greatness (lauded by the breath of Fame,
Now the lone passport of her deathless name)
Supplied each humbler emulative mart:
Casket of Science, Commerce, Learning, Art!
Thus in the vigour of an honour'd life,
Old Drury fell amid the blazing strife!
Falling in hard-earn'd Fame's maturity,
A fun'ral torch to its last Tragedy.
But, unlike Carthage, not the *name* alone
Centres the glory of *our* former throne:
Here, on the soil whence Native Genius drew
Each vital worth elicited by you,
Once more a spacious Edifice demands
The echoing plaudits of approving hands!
Union of splendour with utility,
Where adverse *parts* in one just *whole* agree:
Here, on the soil (our elder Drury's grave),
Behold no Cenotaph, no Urn, to save

A soul-less relic, claiming Memory's boon
For lost perfection in its summer's noon.
A breathing structure quick'ning Art supplies,
" To catch the living manners as they rise."
The fabled Phœnix, from its ashy sire,
Rose not more sudden, than from wasted fire
Sprang our New Theatre, by the flame refin'd,
The shrining form of Merit's eagle mind:
Whilst Retrospection cries, " 'Twas in this sphere
" A GARRICK mov'd!"—it grants the grieving tear.
Thalia mourns her past, her perfect Son;
Melpomene her only Roscius gone!
Most favor'd, most endow'd, his faultless art
Wrought to its sway each fibre of the heart;
Taught the grave Stoic Mirth's relaxing smile,
And gave to Mirth the Mourner's graver style.
Dear to the soul is ev'ry bliss that's fled;
More dear, when Mem'ry tells, " They're ever dead!"
In what far clime, from Method's rule remote,
Where licenc'd Will few codes of Order note;
Where tameless Passion twines the rude embrace;
Endows an Acco with a Hebe's grace;
Marks forms of friendship by some untaught sign;
And dignifies some shapeless pile—divine;
Erects not Memory her plastic thrones?
Alike the civiliz'd and savage owns.
Her plaintive whispers sadden'd every ear,
And told how Pity wept o'er Freedom's bier,
As late *Iberia* clasp'd the death-like Maid:
Prompt were her wrongs, *as* prompt the *Lion*'s aid.

A new existence Valour gave to Spain,
And WELLINGTON unclasp'd th' oppressor's chain!
Her silent Melody, attun'd to you,
May chaunt the lay of gratitude anew,
When the worn Sons of Lusitania's shore
Shall balm each red wound—*to unclose no more.*

On her clear page the Drama's offspring shine,
Who here (ere exil'd from the Muses' shrine)
Have oft essay'd t' exalt the Drama's cause;
True to its wit, morality, and laws.
To risk a metaphor is risking sense:
But Poesy may plead her Art's defence.
Cultur'd, and cull'd by your creative hand,
The Thespian plants of former years expand,
Again t' impart an Attic standard flavor,
And bear the *fruit* of Industry—your favor;
Nor doubt our *newer* efforts for that meed
May justify the praise *such* efforts need.
We strive on even terms (I hope for pardon)
To share the laurel with a *rival Garden;*—
But wherefore fear the sentence on *New Drury,*
When for our Judges we've an—ENGLISH JURY!

ADDRESS.

Sent to the Committee.

As when the Sun, through veil of darkening clouds,
Which for awhile his heat and glory shrouds,
Breaks forth with brighter splendour on the sight,
And pours upon the world redoubled light:
So, through the gloom which late around her spread,
Old Drury shows her renovated head
In greater lustre; mightier strength appears,
Nor with her rival's charms a contest fears.
New moulded by the taste of Greece and Rome,
She hopes to make her House the Muses' home;
Here may they take their stand, here rest in peace,
And favour Britain as they favor'd Greece!—
The sons of Greece long own'd the Muses' power,
Till Luxury rose, and Freedom charm'd no more;
Then grown debas'd, an easy prey they fell,
And the Nine scorn'd with souls subdued to dwell.
When they from their lov'd Attica withdrew,
To martial Rome the trembling Virgins flew;—
When Rome's last flame of Liberty expir'd,
Detesting tyranny, they soon retir'd:
Like doves alarm'd, they look'd abroad for peace,
And once more hover'd o'er their much-lov'd Greece:
But barbarous hordes usurp'd her tasteful plains,
And stalking ruin spurn'd Arts' sad remains;

Temples and Theatres no favor found,
But in one heap promiscuous strew'd the ground.
Disgusted at their fall'n Athena's fate,
They fled, for ever fled the Grecian State;
Now the last relicts of their glories come,
And seek on Britain's shores a safer home.
  Who eyes indifferently the sacred stone
Which once was part of famous *Parthenon?*—
The Poet's mind there wrought in sculptur'd grace,
Proclaims the people a superior race:
Such works on Theatres and Temples placed,
Were marks of present—guides of future Taste:
Ev'n their remains, by barbarous hands o'erthrown,
Snatch'd from their fallen state, exalt our own;
Art looks to them again with raptur'd eyes,
And plumes her wings, and seems anew to rise;
Rous'd with the sight, our native fires increase,
And burn with ardour to contest with Greece!
But while in graceful Arts we tow'ring rise,
The Muse of Tragedy neglected lies;
Resting on SHAKSPEARE's worth, we seek no more,
Like him, for wealth in Nature's boundless store;
Or, aw'd by reverence of his sacred name,
Shrink from a contest for theatric fame.
Not so our Warriors, following Honour's course,
Show in their progress a diminish'd force:
Our land prolificly a race supplies;
We see great names in due succession rise:
Heroes renown'd succeed to heroes gone,
To RODNEY, NELSON; MARLBOROUGH, WELLINGTON!

And shall our Poets be the first to fail,
While Music, Painting, Sculpture, Arms prevail?
Forbid it, Honor! and forbid it, Shame!
That yet should be extinct the heav'nly flame!
Stand forth some Bard, distinguish'd from the crowd,
Assert the flame still burns—assert it loud;
As our brave Ancestors their shackles broke,
Cast off the bondage of a foreign yoke;—
Disdain from other lands to draw supplies;
On your own native pinions dare the skies;
For, like her sea-girt Isle, the British Muse,
True to herself, may foreign aid refuse,
And stretch her vigorous wing to such a height,
As leaves no space to take a nobler flight!
Then bid once more MELPOMENE display
Her power, which can th' obedient Passions sway;
Show Virtue struggling 'gainst th' oppressive deed,
And hurl just vengeance on the guilty head.
Should Virtue fall, yet make her fall more great
Than Vice triumphant in a prosp'rous state;
That those beholding own with proud acclaim,
'Tis nobler far to die than live with shame.
So may bold Insolence bow down her crest,
By fear of public infamy suppresst,
And Tyrants learn from those upon our Stage,
To dread the censure of a future Age:
Exalt the Patriot's acts; support Truth's cause;
For such are scenes deserving your applause.
  But while bold Vice by TRAGEDY is check'd,
The Age's foibles you must not neglect;

Let laughing COMEDY assert her right,
And Folly put, with Ridicule, to flight.
Such is her province: let the means be fit;
Pert Nonsense should not take the place of Wit;
For can their shafts e'er reach the Fop or Fool,
Who are the self-same sots they ridicule?
Banish those dull pretending knaves from hence,
Who with stale tricks, and jokes, pervert your sense;
For your inertness lets them rear the head,
Like fungusses upon th' uncultur'd bed,
Where, had the watchful gard'ner's skill been shown,
A crop of healthy flavorous fruit had grown.
Acknowledg'd as the Drama's sov'reign King,
From you alone can reformation spring;
But trace Corruption to it's genuine cause,
And blame not those who but obey your laws.
If Foreign fopperies your minds delight,
Our Bards (sad task!) like foreigners must write;
If Native strength must yield to gaudy show,
To give old English manners their last blow,
Let Melo-Dramas and Pantomimes have sway,
Preceded by a borrow'd German play:
Hamlet shall fall before *Pizarro*'s rant,
And OTWAY'S pathos bow to SCHILLER'S cant;
All solid sense for glitt'ring show explode,
And pomp, parade, and nonsense, be the mode.
As Monarchs by their Ministers are known,
So Public Taste is by the Drama shown:
For Actors, guided by the public voice,
Provide the subjects of their Patrons' choice:

They but repeat the service you approve,
And what you tolerate, presume you love:
The scenes which you applaud will fill the Stage,
And be the rule by which to judge the Age.

THE END.

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